Tuttle

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A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS.

CONTAINING

AN ESSAY ON MAN.
THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.
ELOISA TO ABELARD.
MESSIAH: A SACRED ECLOGUE.
AN ODE ON SOLITUDE.
AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.
THE LAST DAY.
AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.
HYMN TO ADVERSITY.
THE GRAVE.
THE HERMIT.
A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.
THE SPLENDID SHILLING
THE DESERTED VILLAGE.
THE TRAVELLER.
A PASTORAL BALLAD, AND THREE SONGS.

BY

POPE, CONGREVE, YOUNG, GRAY, BLAIR, PARNELL, PHILIPS, GOLDSMITH, AND SHENSTONE.

WITH CUTS.

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AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN:

IN FOUR EPISTLES

TO

H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke,

BY

Alexander Pope, Esq.

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THE DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on human life and manners, ſuch as (to uſe my lord Bacon's expreſſion) *come home to men's buſineſs, and boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *man* in the abſtract of his *nature* and his *ſtate*; ſince, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *being*.

The ſcience of human nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: there are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt, and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort* yet not *imperfect* ſyſtem of ethics.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards: The other may ſeem odd, but is true, I found I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or inſtructions, depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandering from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning: If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE I.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to the UNIVERSE.

OF man *in the abſtract.*—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things*, ver 17, etc. II. *That man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general order *of things, and conformable to* ends *and* relations *to him unknown*, ver. 35, etc. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends*, ver. 77. etc. IV. *The* Pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cauſe of man's error and miſery. The* impiety *of putting himſelf in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations*, ver. 109, etc. V. *The* abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* final cauſe *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, ver. 131, etc. VI. *The* unreaſonableneſs *of his complaints againſt* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualities of the brutes; though to poſſeſs any of the* ſenſitive faculties *in a higher degree, would render him miſerable*, ver. 173, etc. VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal* order, *and* gradation *in the ſenſual and*

mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſe a ſubordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of* ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; *that reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties,* ver. 207. VIII. *How much further this* order *and* ſubordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *muſt be deſtroyed,* ver. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madneſs, *and* pride *of ſuch a deſire,* ver. 250. X. *The conſequence of all, the* abſolute ſubmiſſion *due to providence both as to our* preſent *and* future ſtate, ver. 281, &c. *to the end.*

EPISTLE

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (ſince life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot,
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye nature's walks, ſhoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or man below,
What can we reaſon but from what we know?
Of man what ſee we, but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd, tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,

What varied Being peoples every ſtar,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? Or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?
II. Preſumptuous man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind!
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs!
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's ſatellites are leſs than JOVE?
Of ſyſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt,
That wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full, or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, "if God has plac'd him wrong!"
Reſpecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

When

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's god:
Then ſhall man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions, paſſions, being, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.
Then ſay not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here, or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.
III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd their preſent ſtate.
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future, kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bleſſing now.

Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come,
Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler Heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.
IV. Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the GOD of GOD.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aſpiring to be angels, men rebel:

And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal cauſe.
V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:
"For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
"Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
"For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
"Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
"My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."
But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
"Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began;
"And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happineſs,
Then nature deviates; and can man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but he, whoſe hand the light'ning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?

From

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right is to ſubmit.
Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
But ALL ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.
VI. What would this man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want, compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own;
Is Heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of man (could pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body, or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.

Why has not man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n?
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n.
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain?
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain.
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood;
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reaſon, what a nice barrier;
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions ſenſe from thought divide;

And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reaſon, all theſe pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of Being! which from God began,
Nature's æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.——On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll,
Alike eſſential, to th' amazing whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns ruſh lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature trembles, to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! oh madneſs! pride! impiety!

IX. What

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt ſeraph, that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
X. Ceaſe then, nor ORDER imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canſt not ſee;

All diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good;
And, ſpite of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE II.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to HIMSELF, as an individual.

I. *The buſineſs of man not to pry into* God, *but to ſtudy* himſelf. *His* middle nature: *his power and frailties*, ver. 1, to 19. *The limits of his* capacity, *ver.* 19. etc. II. *The two principles of man*, ſelf-love *and* reaſon, *both neceſſary*, ver. 53, etc. Self-love, *the ſtronger, and why*, ver. 67, etc. *Their end the ſame*, ver. 81, etc. III. *The* PASSIONS, *and their uſe*, ver. 93 to 130. *The* predominant paſſion, *and its force, ver.* 132 to 160. *Its neceſſity in directing men to different purpoſes*, ver. 165, etc. *Its providential uſe, in fixing our principle, and aſcertaining our virtue*, ver. 177. IV Virtue *and* vice *joined in our* mixed nature; *the limits near, yet the things* ſeparate *and* evident: *What is the office of reaſon*, ver. 202 to 216. V. *How odious* vice *in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it*, ver. 217. VI. *That, however, the* ends *of* providence, *and* general good *are anſwered in our paſſions and imperfections*, ver. 238, etc. *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed in all* orders of men, ver. 241. *How uſeful they are to ſociety*, ver. 251. *And to the* individuals, ver. 263. *In every* ſtate, *and every* age *of life*, ver. 273, etc.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

1. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the ſceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the ſtoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reas'ning ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:
Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where ſcience guides;
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;
Inſtruct the planets in what orb to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the ſun;

Go,

Go, ſoar with Plato to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads, to imitate the ſun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule——
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a NEWTON as we ſhew an ape.

Could he, whoſe rules the rapid comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reaſon weaves, by paſſion is undone.

Trace ſcience then, with modeſty thy guide;
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dreſs,
Or learning's luxury, or idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the time to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reaſon, to reſtrain;

Nor

Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill
Aſcribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.
Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love, ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to reaſon ſtill attend;
Attention habit and experience gains,
Each ſtrengthens reaſon, and ſelf-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchool-men teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, ſenſe and reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit:

Wits,

Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, pleaſure their deſire:
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of ſelf-love the paſſions we may call;
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all;
But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let ſtoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt:
But ſtrength of mind is exerciſe, not reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.

Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite;
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes man, can man deſtroy.

Suffice

Suffice that reaſon keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
Theſe, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.

Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe;
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent ſwallows up the reſt.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength;
So, caſt and mangled with his very frame,
The mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe ;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe ;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it age and pow'r ;
As heav'n's bleſt beams turn vinegar more ſour.
We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey :
Ah ! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools ?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend !
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made ;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong :
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd ;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard ;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe ;
A mightier pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſeveral men impels to ſeveral ends :
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe ;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence ;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reaſon on their ſide.
Th' Eternal art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt principle :

'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt virtues thus from paſſions ſhoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root,
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all woman-kind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.
Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,

And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice,
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mein,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he.
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier nature ſhrinks at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, ſelf directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But *Heav'n*'s great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;

That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crouds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.

Whate'er the paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his muſe.

See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:

See ſome fit paſſions ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
'Till tir'd he ſleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days:
Each want of happineſs by hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean ſelf-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine,
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Tho' man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE III.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to SOCIETY.

I. *THE whole univerſe one ſyſtem of ſociety*, ver. 7, etc. *Nothing made wholly for* itſelf, *nor yet wholly for* another. ver. 27. *The* happineſs *of* animals *mutual*, ver. 49. II. Reaſon *or inſtinct operate alike to the good of each individual*, ver. 79. Reaſon *or* inſtinct *operate alſo to ſociety in all animals*, ver. 109. III. *How far* ſociety *carried by inſtinct*, ver. 115. *How much farther by reaſon*, ver. 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* ſtate of nature, ver. 144. *Reaſon inſtructed by inſtinct in the invention of* arts, ver. 166, *and in the forms of* ſociety, 176. V. *Origin of political ſocieties*, ver. 196. *Origin of monarchy*, ver. 207. *Patriarchal government*, ver. 212. VI. *Origin of true religion and government, from the ſame principle, of love*, ver. 231, etc. *Origin of ſuperſtition and tyranny, from the ſame principle, of fear*, ver. 237, etc. *The influence of ſelf-love operating to the* ſocial *and* public *good*, ver, 266. *Reſtoration of true religion and government on their firſt principle*, ver. 285. *Mixt government*, ver 288. *Various forms of each, and the true end of all*, ver. 300. etc.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt: "The univerſal cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.
Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plaſtic nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter borne,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving ſoul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made beaſt in aid of man, and man of beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool, work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpreads the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon He muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; He only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;

For

For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves:
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bleſt:
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch etherial ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end;
To man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle; that heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with reaſon, or with inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-ſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human wit:

Sure by quick nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs,
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bleſs,
On mutual wants built mutual happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, 'till two are one.

Nor

Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmis'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the inſtinct, and there ends the care,
The link diſſolv'd, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love:
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Sill as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-caſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in *Nature*'s *State* they blindly trod;
The ſtate of nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and ſocial at their birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.

In

In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd; with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'ns attribute was Univerſal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man, a fiercer ſavage, man.
See him from nature riſing ſlow to art!
To copy inſtinct then was reaſon's part;
Thus then to man the voice of nature ſpake—
"Go, from the creatures thy inſtructions take:
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
"Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
"Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
"And hence let reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind:
"Here ſubterraneous works and cities ſee;
"There towns aerial on the waving tree.
"Learn each ſmall people's genius, policies,
"The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
"How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
"And anarchy without confuſion know;

" And theſe for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
" In vain thy reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle juſtice in her net of law,
" And right too rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe arts mere inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as monarchs, or as God ador'd."
V. Great nature ſpoke; obſervant man obey'd;
Cities were built, ſocieties were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate, another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear,
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What war could raviſh, commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
Converſe and love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus ſtates were form'd; the name of king unknown,
'Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a ſire the ſons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.
VI. 'Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch
King, prieſt, and parent, of his growing ſtate;
On him their ſecond providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He

He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.
'Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
Then looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
One great firſt Father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple reaſon never ſought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
Man, like his maker, ſaw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleaſure, trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſov'reign Being, but a ſov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man
Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its cauſe?
Force firſt made conqueſt, and that conqueſt, law;
'Till ſuperſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, ſlaves of ſubjects made:
She mid'ſt the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and burſting ſkies,
Saw gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were rage, revenge, or luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the flamen taſted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood!
With heav'ns own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives ſelf-love, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame ſelf-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, government and laws,
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by ſelf-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas

'Twas then the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The faith and moral, nature gave before;
Reſum'd her antient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught pow'rs due uſe to people and to kings,
Taught not to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
'Till jarring int'reſts of themſelves create,
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd ſtate.
Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings
From order, union, full conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, man, or angel, ſervant, lord, or king.
For forms of government, let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For modes of faith, let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In faith and hope, the world will diſagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bleſs mankind, or mend.
Man like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the ſun;

So

So two conſiſtent motions act the ſoul ;
And one regards itſelf, and one the whole.
Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade ſelf-love and ſocial be the ſame.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE IV.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to HAPPINESS.

I. *FALSE notions of happineſs, philoſophical and popular, anſwered from* ver. 19 to 77. II. *It is the end of all men, and attainable by all,* ver. 30. *God intends happineſs to be* equal; *and to be ſo, it muſt be* ſocial, *ſince all particular happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by* general, *not* particular laws, ver. 37. *As it is neceſſary for* order, *and the peace and welfare of* ſociety, *that* external goods *ſhall be* unequal, *happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe,* ver. 51. *But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the* balance *of happineſs among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two paſſions of* hope *and* fear, ver. 70. III. *What the happineſs of* individuals *is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the* good man *has here the advantage,* ver. 77. *The error of imputing to* virtue, *what are only the calamities of* nature, *or of* fortune, ver. 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general laws in favour of particulars,* ver. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt,* ver. 133. etc. VI. *That* external goods *are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of virtue,* ver. 167. *That even thoſe can make no man happy without virtue: Influenced in* riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatneſs, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior talents, ver. 259, etc. *With pictures of human infelicity in men poſſeſſed of them all,* ver. 269, etc. VII. *That* virtue only *conſtitutes a happineſs, whoſe object is* univerſal, *and whoſe proſpect* eternal, ver. 309, etc. *That the* perfection *of* virtue *and* happineſs, *conſiſts in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* reſignation *to it here and hereafter,* ver. 326, etc.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IV.

O H Happineſs! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleaſure, eaſe, content! whate'er thy name,
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. *John!* dwells with thee.
Aſk of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind,
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe;
Some ſunk to beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that happineſs is happineſs?
Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave,
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various fortunes as we pleaſe,
Equal is common ſenſe, and common eaſe.
Remember, man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare: and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their happineſs:
But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe:
All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,

In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all men happineſs was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in hope, and theſe in fear:
Nor preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better or of worſe.
Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health conſiſts with temperance alone?
And peace, oh virtue? peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and diſdains:

And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy bliſs to vice, to virtue woe!
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See god-like TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the ſon expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the ſire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
When nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or why ſo long, (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
All partial ill is univerſal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall;
Short and but rare, 'till man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak prince, th' Eternal Cauſe
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?

Shall

Shall burning Ætna, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
Oh blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill, this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own ſpirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your virtue, puniſh mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too;
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
Or he whoſe virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes virtue ſtarves, while vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content,

But

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No——ſhall the good want health, the good want
"pow'r?"
Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not man a God, and earth a heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy.
Is virtue's prize! A better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a conq'ror's ſword, or truth a gown,
Or public ſpirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! Will Heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or truſt,
Content, or pleaſure, but the good and juſt?
Judges and ſenates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.

Oh

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind.
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.
Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you friend! a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good, not great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.
Look next on greatneſs; ſay where greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!

Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the politic and wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes;
Men in their looſe, unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike or when, or where they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave?
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;

And

And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.
In parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in bus'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a Judge.
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill theſe things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace lord Umbra, or ſir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory, learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.

Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe?
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, ſunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife.
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!
Know then this Truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives:
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd;
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

Never

Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more virtue, is to gain.
See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God:
Purſues that chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins Heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns from this union of the riſing whole
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt virtue with his greateſt bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for thy boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:

Graſp the whole worlds of reaſon, life, and ſenſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliſs but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts, but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from individual to the whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.
Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the muſe now ſtoops or now aſcends,
To man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,

Shall

Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart?
For wit's falſe mirror held up nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our bliſs below;
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

The Univerſal Prayer.

By Mr. POPE.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding nature faſt in fate
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhew,
That mercy ſhew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wherefo'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all being raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

AN

ELEGY,

To the MEMORY of an

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

By Mr. POPE.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the moon-light ſhade,
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye Pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes:
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen pris'ners in the body's cage:

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres ;
Like Eaſtern Kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And, cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death ;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall ;
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates ;
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (oh ever injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mourning bier.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd;
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be utter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with humble flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While Angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou be lov'd no more!

MESSIAH,

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of

VIRGIL's POLLIO.

By Alexander Pope, Esq.

MESSIAH,

A

SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire.
Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
A virgin ſhall conceive, a virgin bear a ſon!
From Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' æthereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ſick and weak, the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n deſcend.

Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious babe, be born!
See nature haſtes her earlieſt wreathes to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance,
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Sharon riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſart chears!
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye vallies, riſe;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day;
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame the crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture, and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;

Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow-ſhare end,
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd fire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field,
The ſwain in barren deſarts with ſurprize,
See lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtart, amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragons late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The deer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of their ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thine eyes!

See, a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn:
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light; and in thy temples bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd His word, His ſaving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

By Alexander Pope, Esq.

Written at about Twelve Years old.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

By Alexander Pope, Esq.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

By Alexander Pope, Esq.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

INtroduction. That 'tis as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public, ver. 1:

That a true taſte is as rare to be found, as a true genius, ver. 9 to 18.

That moſt men are born with ſome taſte, but ſpoiled by falſe education, ver. 19 to 25.

The multitude of critics and cauſes of them, ver. 26 to 45.

That we are to ſtudy our own taſte, and know the limits of it, ver. 46 to 67.

Nature the beſt guide of judgment, ver. 68 to 87.

Improv'd by art and rules, which are but methodis'd nature, ver. 88.

Rules deriv'd from the practice of the ancient poets, ver. 89. to 100.

That therefore the ancients are neceſſary to be ſtudy'd by a critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, ver. 120 to 138.

Of Licenſes, and the uſe of them by the ancients, ver. 140 to 180.

Reverence due to the ancients, and praiſe of them, ver. 181, &c.

PART

CONTENTS.

PART II. Ver. 203, etc.

Cauſes hindering a true judgment. 1. Pride, ver. 208. 2. Imperfect learning, ver. 215. 3. Judging by parts, and not by the whole, ver. 233 to 288. Critics in wit, language, verſification, only, ver 288, 305, 339, etc. 4. Being too hard to pleaſe, or too apt to admire, ver. 384. 5. Partiality—too much love to a ſect,—to the antients or moderns, ver. 394. 6. Prejudice or prevention, ver. 408. 7. Singularity, ver. 424. 8. Inconſtancy, ver. 430. 9. Party-ſpirit, ver. 452, etc. 10. Envy, ver. 466. Againſt Envy, and in praiſe of good-nature, ver. 508, etc. When ſeverity is chiefly to be uſed by critics, ver, 526, etc.

PART III. Ver. 460, etc.

Rules for the conduct of manners in a critic. 1. Candour, ver. 563. Modeſty, ver. 566. Good-breeding, ver. 572. Sincerity, and freedom of advice, ver. 578. 2. When one's counſel is to be reſtrained, ver. 584. Character of an incorrigible poet, ver. 600. And of an impertinent critic, ver. 610, etc. Character of a good critic, ver. 629. The hiſtory of criticiſm, and characters of the beſt critics, Ariſtotle, ver. 645. Horace, ver. 653. Dionyſius, ver. 665. Petronius, ver. 675 Of the decay of criticiſm, and its revival. Eraſmus, ver. 693. Vida, ver. 705. Boileau, ver. 714. Lord Roſcommon, etc. ver. 725. Concluſion.

AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or judging ill;
But, of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:

Nature

Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd;
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpight,
There are, who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for wits, then poets paſt,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.
Some neither can for wits nor critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile,
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.

As

As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more.
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
  Firſt follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring nature, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides,
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides;
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom heav'n in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe;
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the muſe's ſteed,
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed;

The winged courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shews more true mettle when you check his courſe.
Thoſe rules of old, diſcover'd, not devis'd,
Are nature ſtill, but nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhew'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.
The gen'rous critic fann'd the poets fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then criticiſm the muſe's handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd,
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they.
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And theſe explain the meaning quite away.

You

You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would
ſteer,
Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable, ſubject, ſcope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan muſe.
When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the critics law,
And but from nature's fountain ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign:
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licence anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.

Thus

Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpect thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits ſometimes may gloriouſly offend,
And riſe to faults true critics dare not mend.
But tho' the ancients thus their rules invade
(As kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its end;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and mis-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems, which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;

Secure

Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting Pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe:
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
(That on weak wings, from far, purſues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a ſcience little known,
T' admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own!
  Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is *pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but your defects to know,
Make uſe of every friend——and ev'ry foe.

A *little*

A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ;
Survey the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe, for that malignant dull delight
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)

No ſingle parts unequally ſurprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles is a praiſe.
Moſt critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly ſacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they ſay,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our author happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
Made him obſerve the ſubject, and the plot;
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, when brought about,
Were but a combat in the liſts left out.
"What leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;
Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagirite.

" Not ſo, by heav'n!" (he anſwers in a rage)
" Knights, ſquires and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage."
So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain.
" Then build anew, or act it in a plain."
Thus critics of leſs judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form ſhort ideas; and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to *conceit* alone their taſte confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies periſh, thro' exceſs of blood.
Others for *language* all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for dreſs;
Their praiſe is ſtill,—the ſtyle is excellent;
The ſenſe, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;

The face of nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true expreſſion, like th' unchanging ſun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none:
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd;
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words, to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, mere moderns in their ſenſe;
Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky, as Fungoſo in the play,
Theſe ſparks with aukward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.
In words, as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new, or old:
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.

But moſt by numbers judge a poet's ſong;
And ſmooth, or rough, with them, is right or wrong;
In the bright muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Nor mend their minds; as ſome to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;

While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
Where-e'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, it "whiſpers thro' the trees:"
If cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"
Then, at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength, and Waller's ſwiftneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gentle blows
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar;
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words more ſlow:
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th'unbending corn and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;

Now

Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound!
The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
Avoid extremes; and ſhun the faults of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much,
At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence,
That always ſhews great pride, or little ſenſe;
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:
As things ſeem large which we thro' miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun, but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Tho' each may feel encreaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the town;

They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he,
That in proud dulneſs joins with quality.
A conſtant critic at the great man's board
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my lord.
What woeful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtile refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being ſingular;
So much they ſcorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So ſchiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning, what they blame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd,
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe, they're wiſer ſtill they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our father's fools, ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo.
Once ſchool-divines this zealous iſle o'erſpread;
Who knew moſt ſentences was deepeſt read;

Faith,

Faith, goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and Thomiſts, now in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If faith itſelf has diff'rent dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in wit ſhould take a turn?
Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on thoſe of ſtate,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of parſons, critics, beaux;
But ſenſe ſurviv'd when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But like a ſhadow, prove the ſubſtance true:
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt, who ſtays 'till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits ſurviv d a thouſand years;
Now length of fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcre is all ev'n that can boaſt;
Our ſons their fathers failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd,
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand:
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings;
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;

'Tis

'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If wit ſo much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards who could excell,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well;
Tho' triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnaſſus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down.
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools:
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Not in the critic let the man be loſt.
Good-nature and good-ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
But if in nobler minds ſome dregs remain
Nor yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain;
Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Not fear a dearth in theſe flagitious times.
No pardon vile obſcenity ſhould find,
Tho' wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But dulneſs with obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth and eaſe,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe:
When love was all an eaſy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:

Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ:
Nay wits had penſions, and young lords had wit:
The fair ſat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a maſk went unimprov'd away:
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where heav'n's free ſubjects might their right diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault, who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what MORALS critics ought to ſhew,
For 'tis but half a judge's taſk to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candour ſhine:
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow; but ſeek your friendſhip too.

Be ſilent always when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;

But

But you, with pleaſure own your errors paſt,
And make each day a critic on the laſt.
'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true;
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſhoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding, truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence:
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.
'Twere well might critics ſtill this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares, tremendous, with a threatning eye,
Like ſome fierce monſter in old tapeſtry.
Fear not to tax an honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful ſatires,
And flattery to fulſome dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more,
That when they promiſe to give ſcribbling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drouzy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.

False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace:
What crouds of these impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too,
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales.
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread;
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But ratling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Burst out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Nor dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;

Tho'

Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, ſincere,
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere;
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?
Such once were critics; ſuch the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian ſtar.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, ſhould preſide o'er wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our critics, take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong tranſlations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy

Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The juſteſt rules, and cleareſt method join'd:
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order and diſpos'd with grace,
But leſs to pleaſe the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command,
Thee, bold Longinus! all the nine inſpire,
And bleſs their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt:
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws;
And is himſelf that great ſublime he draws.
Thus long ſucceeding critics juſtly reign'd,
Licence repreſs'd and uſeful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And arts ſtill follow'd, where her eagles flew;
From the ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then Superſtition join'd,
As that the body, this inſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good;
A ſecond deluge learning thus o'er-ran,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths began.
At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the prieſthood and the ſhame;)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.
But ſee! each muſe, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,

Rome's

Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then ſculpture and her ſiſter arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.
Immortal Vida; on whoſe honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But ſoon, by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd muſes paſs'd,
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flouriſh'd moſt in France;
The rules a nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
And Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief maſter-piece is writing well."
Such was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
Such late was Walſh—the muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;

To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe, at leaſt, a grateful muſe may give:
The muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearned their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame,
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE TEARS OF AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS, A PASTORAL,

Lamenting the Death of the late Lord Marquis of BLANDFORD. Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lord GODOLPHIN, Lord High-Treaſurer of *England*.

BY WILLIAM CONGREVE.

THE TEARS OF *AMARYLLIS* FOR *AMYNTAS*, A PASTORAL.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbra
Amiſſos queritur fœtus———
———miſerabile Carmen
Integrat, & mœſtis late loca quæſtibus implet.

VIRG. Georg. 4.

'TWAS at the time, when new returning light
With welcome rays begins to chear the ſight;
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;
When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy ſides firſt ſhake the ſilver dew.
'Twas then that *Amaryllis*, heav'nly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her deſpair,
Forſook her myrtle bow'r and roſie bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn *Amyntas* dead.
Who had a heart ſo hard, that heard her cries
And did not weep? Who ſuch relentleſs eyes?
Tygers and Wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb diſtreſs and new compaſſion ſhew,
As taught by her to taſte of human woe.
Nature herſelf attentive ſilence kept,
And motion ſeem'd ſuſpended while ſhe wept;

The

The riſing ſun reſtrain'd his fiery courſe,
And rapid rivers liſten'd at their ſource;
Ev'n echo fear'd to catch the flying ſound,
Leſt Repetitions ſhould her accents drown;
The very morning wind with-held his breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiſeleſs trees;
As if the gentle *zephyr* had been dead,
And in the grave with lov'd *Amyntas* laid.
No voice, no whiſp'ring ſigh, no murm'ring groan,
Preſum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
Her cries alone her anguiſh could expreſs,
All other mourning would have made it leſs.
Hear me, ſhe cry'd, ye nymphs and ſylvan gods,
Inhabitants of theſe once lov'd abodes;
Hear my diſtreſs, and lend a pitying ear,
Hear my complaint—you would not hear my pray'r;
The loſs which you prevented not, deplore,
And mourn with me *Amyntas*, now no more.
Have I not cauſe, ye cruel pow'rs, to mourn?
Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?
Tell me, thou ſun that round the world doſt ſhine,
Haſt thou beheld another loſs like mine?
Ye winds, who on your wings ſad accents bear,
And catch the ſounds of ſorrow and deſpair,
Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
Such weight of woe, ſuch deadly ſighs before?
Tell me, thou earth, on whoſe wide-ſpreading baſe
The wretched load is laid of human race,
Doſt thou not feel thyſelf with me oppreſt!
Lye all the dead ſo heavy on thy breaſt?
When hoary winter on thy ſhrinking head
His icy, cold, depreſſing hand has laid,

Haſt

Haſt thou not felt leſs chillneſs in thy veins?
Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
But why to thee do I relate my woe,
Thou cruel earth, my moſt remorſeleſs foe!
Within whoſe darkſome womb the grave is made,
Where all my joys are with *Amyntas* laid?
What is't to me, tho' on thy naked head
Eternal winter ſhould his horror ſhed,
Tho' all thy nerves were numb'd with endleſs froſt,
And all thy hopes of future ſpring were loſt?
To me what comfort can the ſpring afford?
Can my *Amyntas* be with ſpring reſtor'd?
Can all the rains that fall from weeping ſkies,
Unlock the tomb where my *Amyntas* lies?
No, never! never!—Say then, rigid earth,
What is to me thy everlaſting dearth,
Tho' never flow'r again its head ſhould rear,
Tho' never tree again ſhould bloſſom bear;
Tho' never graſs ſhould cloath the naked ground,
Nor ever healing plant or wholeſome herb be found.
None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;
Nor wholeſome herb was found, nor healing plant,
To eaſe *Amyntas* of his cruel pains;
In vain I ſearch'd the valleys, hills and plains;
But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
Or pois'nous weeds diſtilling deadly dew.
And if ſome naked ſtalk, not quite decay'd,
To yield a freſh and friendly bud eſſay'd,
Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender ſhoot,
A ſhrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
Witneſs to this, ye fawns of ev'ry wood,
Who at the prodigy aſtoniſh'd ſtood.

Well

Well I remember what ſad ſigns ye made,
What ſhow'rs of unavailing tears ye ſhed;
How each ran fearful to his moſſy cave,
When the laſt gaſp the dear *Amyntas* gave.
For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
And ſudden night o'erſpread the darken'd ſkies;
Phantoms, and Fiends, and wand'ring fires appear'd,
And ſcreams of ill-preſaging birds were heard.
The foreſt ſhook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
And frighted ſtreams their wonted channels left;
With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
Where many a herd and harmleſs ſwain was drown'd,
While I forlorn and deſolate was left,
Of ev'ry help, of ev'ry hope bereft;
To ev'ry element expos'd I lay,
And to my griefs a more defenceleſs prey.
For thee, *Amyntas*, all theſe pains were borne,
For thee theſe hands were wrung, theſe hairs were (torn;
For thee my ſoul to ſigh ſhall never leave,
Theſe eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
To mourn thy fall I'll fly the hated light,
And hide my head in ſhades of endleſs night:
For thou wert light, and life, and health to me;
The ſun but thankleſs ſhines that ſhews not thee.
Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good and young?
The joy of ſight, the talk of ev'ry tongue?
Did ever branch ſo ſweet a bloſſom bear?
Or ever early fruit appear ſo fair?
Did ever youth ſo far his years tranſcend?
Did ever life ſo immaturely end?
For thee the tuneful ſwains provided lays,
And ev'ry muſe prepar'd thy future praiſe.

For

For thee the buſy nymphs ſtripp'd ev'ry grove,
And myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets wove.
But now, ah diſmal change! the tuneful throng
To loud lamentings turn the chearful ſong.
Their pleaſing taſk the weeping virgins leave,
And with unfiniſh'd garlands ſtrew thy grave.
There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
There grieving grow to earth, deſpair, and die.
This ſaid, her loud complaint of force ſhe ceas'd,
Exceſs of grief her fault'ring ſpeech ſuppreſs'd,
Along the ground her colder limbs ſhe laid,
Where late the grave was for *Amyntas* made;
Then from her ſwimming eyes began to pour,
Of ſoftly falling rain, a ſilver ſhow'r;
Her looſely flowing hair, all radiant bright,
O'erſpread the dewy graſs like ſtreams of light,
As if the ſun had of his beams been ſhorn,
And caſt to earth the glories he had worn.
A ſight ſo lovely ſad, ſuch deep diſtreſs
No tongue can tell, no pencil can expreſs.
And now the winds, which had ſo long been ſtill,
Began the ſwelling air with ſighs to fill;
The water-nymphs, who motionleſs remain'd,
Like images of ice, while ſhe complain'd,
Now loos'd their ſtreams; as when deſcending rains
Roll the ſteep torrents headlong o'er the plains.
The prone creation, who ſo long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Diſmal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but groans and ſighs were heard around,
And echo multiply'd each mournful ſound.

When

When all at once an univerſal pauſe
Of grief was made, as from ſome ſecret cauſe.
The balmy air with fragrant ſcents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums diſtill'd.
Such, if not ſweeter, was the rich perfume
Which ſwift aſcended from *Amyntas'* tomb:
As if th' *Arabian* bird her neſt had fir'd,
And on the ſpicy pile were new expir'd.
And now the turf, which late was naked ſeen,
Was ſudden ſpread with lively ſpringing green;
And *Amaryllis* ſaw, with wond'ring eyes,
A flow'ry bed, where ſhe had wept, ariſe:
Thick as the pearly drops, the fair had ſhed,
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
From ev'ry tear that fell, a violet grew,
And thence their ſweetneſs came, and thence their mournful hue.
Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
When ſolitude ye ſeek in gloomy ſhades;
Or walk on banks where ſilent waters flow,
For there this lonely flow'r will love to grow.
Think on *Amyntas*, oft as ye ſhall ſtoop
To crop the ſtalks and take 'em ſoftly up.
When in your ſnowy necks their ſweets you wear,
Give a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear:
To lov'd *Amyntas* pay the tribute due,
And bleſs his peaceful grave, where firſt they grew.

TO
CYNTHIA, WEEPING and not SPEAKING.

ELEGY. By WILLIAM CONGREVE.

WHY are thoſe hours, which heav'n in pity lent
To longing love, in fruitleſs ſorrows ſpent?
Why ſighs my fair? Why does that boſom move
With any Paſſion ſtirr'd, but riſing love?
Can diſcontent find place within that breaſt,
On whoſe ſoft pillows ev'n deſpair might reſt?
Divide thy woes, and give me my ſad part,
I am no ſtranger to an aking heart;
Too well I know the force of inward grief,
And well can bear it, to give you relief:
All love's ſevereſt pangs I can endure;
I can bear pain, tho' hopeleſs of a cure.
I know what 'tis to weep, and ſigh, and pray,
To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day:
I know what 'tis to wiſh, and hope, in vain,
And meet for humble love, unkind diſdain;
Anger, and hate, I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay Jealouſy——— and I have felt deſpair.
Theſe pains for you, I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to love,

Till warm compaſſion took at length my part,
And melted to my wiſh your yielding heart.
O the dear hour, in which you did reſign!
When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
And, in a kiſs, you ſaid your heart was mine.
Thro' each returning year, may that hour be,
Diſtinguiſh'd in the rounds of all eternity;
Gay be the ſun, that hour, in all his light,
Let him collect the day, to be more bright,
Shine all, that hour, and let the reſt be night.
And ſhall I all this heav'n of bliſs receive
From you, yet not lament to ſee you grieve!
Shall I, who nouriſh'd in my breaſt deſire,
When your cold ſcorn, and frowns forbid the fire;
Now, when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear union of our ſouls is ſeal'd,
When all my joys compleat in you I find,
Shall I not ſhare the ſorrows of your mind?
O tell me, tell me all——whence does ariſe
This flood of tears? whence are theſe frequent ſighs?
Why does that lovely head, like a fair flow'r
Oppreſs'd with drops of a hard falling ſhow'r,
Bend with its weight of grief, and ſeem to grow
Downward to earth, and kiſs the root of woe?
Lean on my breaſt, and let me fold thee faſt,
Lock'd in theſe arms, think all thy ſorrows paſt;
Or, what remain, think lighter made by me;
So I ſhould think, were I ſo held by thee.
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;
Join to my cheek, thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale grief to glowing love give place.

O ſpeak

O ſpeak——for woe in ſilence moſt appears;
Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
Is there a cauſe, which words cannot expreſs?
Can I not bear a part, nor make it leſs?
I know not what to think,——am I in fault?
I have not to my knowledge err'd in thought,
Nor wander'd from my love, nor wou'd I be
Lord of the world to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep a-freſh, and at that word you ſtart!
Am I to be depriv'd then?——muſt we part!
Curſe on that word ſo ready to be ſpoke,
For through my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we muſt not, will not, cannot part,
And my tongue talks unprompted by my heart.
Yet ſpeak, for my diſtraction grows apace,
And racking fears, and reſtleſs doubts increaſe;
And fears and doubts to *jealouſy* will turn,
The hotteſt hell, in which a heart can burn.

TO A CANDLE.

AN ELEGY.

BY CONGREVE.

THOU watchful taper, by whose silent light
I lonely pass the melancholy night;
Thou faithful witness of my secret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;
O learn with me, my hopeless love to moan;
Commiserate a life so like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
Wasting that heart, by which supply'd they burn.
Like thine, my joy and suffering they display,
At once, are signs of life, and symptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night, presume to shine;
Their humble rays not daring to aspire
Before the sun, the fountain of their fire:
So mine, with conscious shame, and equal awe,
To shades obscure and solitude withdraw;
Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
From whose bright beams their being first arose.

THE

THE
LAST DAY.
A
POEM,
IN THREE BOOKS,
BY
EDWARD YOUNG, L. L. D.

Venit Summa Dies.—— VIRG.

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

Ipſe pater media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes, humilis ſtravit pavor.——— VIRG.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the great;
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of ſtate;
With Britain's hero* ſet their ſouls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inſpire;
I draw a deeper ſcene: a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan;
Death's ancient ſceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.
With joy and pain I view the bold deſign,
And aſk my anxious heart, if it be mine.

* The Duke of Marlborough.

Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the ſplendors of the Britiſh crown.
This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye Angels, howſoe'er disjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
Hear and aſſiſt a feeble mortal's lays,
'Tis our Eternal King I ſtrive to praiſe.

But chiefly thou, Great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whoſe throne arch-angels proſtrate fall;
If at thy nod, from diſcord, and from night
Sprang Beauty, and yon ſparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me: all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpel;
To my great ſubject thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my labouring ſoul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See ſpring's gay bloom; ſee golden autumn's ſtore;
See how earth ſmiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumbrous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies ſail.
Here, foreſts riſe, the mountain's awful pride:
Here, rivers meaſure climes, and worlds divide:
There, vallies fraught with gold's reſplendent ſeeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes in their beds:
There, to the ſkies, aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride;

View

View the whole earth's vaſt landſcape unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.
Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe;
'Twill raiſe thy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe.
How far from eaſt to weſt? the lab'ring eye
Can ſcarce the diſtant azure bounds deſcry:
Wide theatre! where tempeſts play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath diſcharge.
Mark how theſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the ſeaſons, and the years controul:
They ſhine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray:
See This grand period riſe, and That decay:
So vaſt, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace
With golden pomp the thron'd ethereal ſpace;
So bright, with ſuch a wealth of glory ſtor'd,
'Twere ſin in heathens not to have ador'd.
How great, how firm, how ſacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all muſt drop, as autumn's ſickleſt grain,
And earth and firmament be ſought in vain:
The track forgot where conſtellations ſhone,
Or where the STUARTS fill'd an awful throne:
Time ſhall be ſlain, all nature be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.
Sooner or later, in ſome future date,
(A dreadful ſecret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wiſdom knows,
Or when ten thouſand harveſts more have roſe;
When ſcenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth.
When other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's ſin forbids not) other *Annes*;

While the ſtill buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thouſand years before,
Thoughtleſs as thoſe who now life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd or an extinguiſh'd ſun.
(Ye ſublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nations, hear and ſhake!)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe on day,
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the ſcatter d foreſts rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars bend;
The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted ſhore;
A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread;
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade;
From inmoſt heav'n inceſſant thunders roll,
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole.
When lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note: the piercing call,
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
Oh pow'rful blaſt! to which no equal ſound,
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the ſky,
Tho' God's whole enginry diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels ſinn'd? and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind:

None

None are ſupinely good; thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
This is the ſcene of combat, not of reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.
If then, obſequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty ſmiles, or grandeur ſpreads her charms,
The conſcious ſoul would this great ſcene diſplay,
Call down th' immortal hoſts in dread array,
The trumpet ſound, the Chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe from ſilent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impreſſion would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
Engag'd with angels ſhe would greatly ſtand,
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
And death might ſhake his threat'ning lance in vain;
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
And danger ſerve but to ſupply delight.
Inſtructed thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring,
Whence flow the terrors of that day I ſing;
More boldly we our labours may purſue,
And all the dreadful image ſet to view.
The ſparkling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt,
The burniſh'd ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt,
All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties riſe,
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes;

We

We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.
Say then, my muſe, whoſe diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The laſt extremes of terror and deſpair;
Oh ſay, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackeſt moment ſince the world began.
Ah mournful turn! the bliſsful earth who late
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate;
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;
A grateful change of ſeaſons ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude of fall and ſpring:
Some thro' vaſt oceans to conduct the keel,
And ſome thoſe watry worlds to ſink or ſwell:
Around her ſome their ſplendors to diſplay
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glories ſhines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the ſky;
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
And all into a ſecond chaos toſt:
One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad;
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of God.
Such, earth, thy fate! what then canſt thou afford
To comfort, and ſupport thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down?

Proſtrate

Proſtrate the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſiſter worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why doſt thou forſake whom thou haſt made?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger? who can ſtand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh ſave me, Pow'r
Of Pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou, who beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
And in thy dreadful agony ſweat blood;
Thou, who for me thro' every throbbing vein
Haſt felt the keeneſt edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive thro' the realms below,
And caught thoſe horrid myſteries of woe;
Defend me, oh my God! oh ſave me, Pow'r
Of Pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!

From eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring ſhelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep.
Or rocks to yawn compaſſionately deep:
Seas caſt the monſter forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but priſon up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death ſits threat'ning in his Prince's frown,
His heart's diſmay'd; and now his fears command
To change his native for a diſtant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's ſevere decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the ſea;
The port he ſeeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſword.

But

But why this idle toil to paint that day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Worlds all in vain pant after the diſtreſs,
The height of eloquence would make it leſs:
Heav'ns! e'en the good man trembles——
And is there a laſt day? and muſt there come
A ſure, a fixt inexorable doom?
Ambition ſwell, and thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that vanity can blow;
Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple cluſters, tempting vine,
And thou, more dreadful foe, bright beauty ſhine;
Shine all; in all your charms together riſe;
That all, in all your charms, I may deſpiſe,
While I mount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To ſmile at death! to long to be diſſolv'd!
From our decays a pleaſure to receive!
And kindle into tranſport at a grave!
What equals this? and ſhall the victor now
Boaſt the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomleſs delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own ſoul.
For ever then, my ſoul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praiſe him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And fluſh my confcious cheek with ſpreading ſhame?
They all for him purſue, or quit their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r ſuſpend;

In ſolid heaps th'unfrozen billows ſtand,
To reſt and ſilence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monſters that infeſt the flood,
By nature dreadful and a-thirſt for blood,
His will can calm, their ſavage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkneſs round him all his horrors ſpread,
And the ſea bellow'd o'er his ſinking head?
When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous riſe;
When now the foaming ſurges toſt on high,
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky:
When death draws near, the mariners aghaſt
With terror look on all their actions paſt;
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts thro' fear and anguiſh melt away;
Their tears, nor pray'rs, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought,
With gems and gold: but oh, the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling Prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he deſcends, and booming o'er his head
The billows cloſe; he's number'd with the dead.
Hear, O ye juſt! attend, ye virtuous few!
nd the bright paths of piety purſue.)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world from high
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,

Covers

Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace;
He bridles in the monſters of the deep,
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep;
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey,
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.
But ſtill ariſe new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate;
Exults for joy, and with a mighty bound
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heaven and earth reſound;
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.
As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air,
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize,
The Prophet views the cavern with ſurprize;
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from ſide to ſide;
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.
Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear,
Or falls immerſt into the deeps below,
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountains dreadful ſhade;
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides ſerenely thro' the paths of death.

Two

Two wondrous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks, and ſands he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe and pour
His ſacred gueſt uninjur'd on the ſhore:
A type of that Great Bleſſing, which the muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues.

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

——We hope, that the departed will riſe again from the duſt: after which, like the Gods, they will be immortal.

NOW man awakes, and from his ſilent bed,
Where he has ſlept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the ſlumber of ten thouſand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the raſh adventure coſt,
In wide eternity I dare be loſt.
The muſe is wont in narrow bounds to ſing,
To teach the ſwain, or celebrate the king,
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and ſing to human kind:
I ſing to men and angels; angels join,
While ſuch the theme, their ſacred ſongs with mine.
Again the trumpet's intermitted ſound,
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An univerſal concourſe to prepare,
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;

In

In ſome wide field, which active whirlwinds ſweep,
Drive cities, foreſts, mountains to the deep,
To ſmooth and lengthen out th' unbounded ſpace,
And ſpread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their truſt,
And render back their long committed duſt.
Now charnels rattle; ſcatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones obſequious to the call,
Self-mov'd advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The diſtant head, the diſtant legs, the feet.
Dreadful to view, ſee through the duſky ſky,
Fragments of bodies in confuſion fly,
To diſtant regions journeying, there to claim
Deſerted members, and complete the frame.
When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty ſword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confeſs'd her lord;
Yet one day loſt, this deity below
Became the ſcorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's ſacrifice was made,
And ſmoak'd indignant on a ruffian's blade;
No trumpet's ſound, no gaſping army's yell,
Bid with due horror his great ſoul farewell.
Obſcure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was caſt to periſh on the ſhore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monſter dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This ſever'd head and trunk ſhall join once more,
Tho' realms now riſe between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's ſound each vagrant mote ſhall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the ſignal wafted in the wind,
And not one ſleeping atom lag behind.

So

So ſwarming bees, that on a ſummer's day
In airy wings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen ſound, their wand'rings end,
And gently circling on a bough deſcend.
The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midſt the burning planets wond'ring ſtray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid;
Or rather coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd, or wiſh'd for her appointed fate:
This ſoul returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound,
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.
Thus a frail model of the work deſign'd
Firſt takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the ſtructure firm with laſting oak,
And marble bowels of the ſolid rock,
Turns the ſtrong arch, and bids the column riſe,
And bear the lofty palace to the ſkies;
The wrongs of time enabled to ſurpaſs,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of braſs.
That ancient, ſacred, and illuſtrious * dome,
Where ſoon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, and courts, tho' great, and wiſe, and juſt,
To feed the worm, and moulder into duſt;
That ſolemn manſion of the royal dead,
Where paſſing ſlaves o'er ſleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
Of riſing kings fill all th' extended ſpace,

A life

* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

A life well ſpent, not the victorious ſword,
Awards the crown, and ſtiles the greater lord.
Not monuments alone and burial-earth,
Labour with man to this his ſocial birth:
But where gay palaces in pomp ariſe,
And gilded theatres invade the ſkies,
Nations ſhall wake, whoſe unreſpected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious ſons.
The moſt magnificent and coſtly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No ſpot on earth, but has ſupplied a grave,
And human ſkulls, the ſpacious ocean pave.
All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn,
The ſwarm ſhall iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner riſe:
Some lift with pain their ſlow unwilling eyes;
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bleſs the grave, and call for laſting night.
Others, whoſe long attempted virtue ſtood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the ruſhing flood,
Whoſe firm reſolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their poſture frown;
Such in this day of horrors ſhall be ſeen,
To face the thunders with a God-like mien,
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre ſhakes, their heads diſdain to move:
An earth diſſolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on ev'ry ſide,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bleſs the dawn of everlaſting day.
Oh wond'rous change! what unknown objects riſe,
Shake my belief, and fill me with ſurprize?

Here

Here, Greatneſs proſtrate falls, there, Strength gives
place;
Here, Lazars ſmile, there beauty hides her face.
Chriſtians, and Jews, and Turks and Pagans ſtand,
A blended throng, one undiſtinguiſh'd band.
Some who perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their diſtinct perſuaſions fir'd,
In mutual friendſhip their long ſlumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.
But none are fluſh'd with brighter joy, or warm
With juſter confidence enjoy the ſtorm,
Than thoſe, whoſe pious bounties unconfin'd
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illuſtrious rank, what ſhining light
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd glory fills my ſight?
Bend down, my grateful muſe, that homage ſhew
Which to ſuch worthies, thou art proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chichley! hail, illuſtrious names,*
Who to far diſtant times diſpenſe your beams;
Beneath your ſhades, and near your cryſtal ſprings,
I firſt preſum'd to touch the trembling ſtrings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'twas your great renown
To bleſs a people, and oblige a crown.
When other records length of years ſhall blaſt,
In your adopted ſons your fame ſhall laſt,
And make thoſe kings to lateſt ages known,
Thoſe happy monarchs, under whom you ſhone:
A moment ſhone, illuſtriouſly bright,
Then left the mourning world, and ſet in night;
But

* Founders of New-college, Corpus-Chriſti, and All Souls, in Oxford.

But now you riſe, eternally to ſhine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! oh how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe to human kind,
The wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who ſome few years ago was leſs
Than worm, or mite or ſhadow can expreſs,
Was nothing; ſhall I live, when ev'ry fire,
Of ev'ry ſtar ſhall languiſh and expire?
When earth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And thro' the radiant files of angels move?
Or as before the throne of God I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from his ſpacious hand,
Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael ſung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of love divine?
But oh! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wond'rous height can ſoar,
The judge deſcending, thunders from afar;
And all mankind is ſummon'd to the bar.
This mighty ſcene I next preſume to draw:
Attend, great ANNA, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known ſucceſsful arts
To win attention and command our hearts;
Fiction be far away, let no machine
Deſcending here, no fabled God be ſeen;
Behold the GOD of Gods indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend.
Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,

At heav'n's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard,
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below.
And ev'ry age, and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam ſalutes his youngeſt ſon; no ſign
Of all thoſe ages, which their birth disjoin.
How empty learning and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life and guides the heart?
What volumes have been ſwell'd, what time been ſpent,
To fix a hero's birth-day or deſcent?
What joy muſt it not yield, what raptures raiſe,
To ſee the glorious race of ancient days?
To greet thoſe worthies who perhaps have ſtood
Illuſtrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands,
Cæſar unnoted in your preſence ſtands.
How vaſt the concourſe, not in number more
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore,
The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above.
Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command
Said to one empire, Fall; another, Stand:
Whoſe rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fate's decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's hoſt,
They all are here, and here they all are loſt:

Their

Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain,
Loſt as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
'For judgment, judgment, ſons of men prepare;'
Earth ſhakes a new, I hear her groans profound,
And hell through all her trembling realms reſound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt pow'r of earth,
Bleſt with moſt equal planets at thy birth;
Whoſe valour drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
Moſt realms united in one common lord;
Who on the day of triumph ſaid'ſt, Be thine
The ſkies, Jehovah, all the world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye.—Alas! my muſe,
How art thou loſt? what numbers canſt thou chuſe?
A ſudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great ſov'reign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds! where time and place,
Matter and form, and fortune, life and grace,
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball,
(Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light!)
I ſee on an empyreal flying throne
Awfully rais'd, Heav'n's everlaſting Son;

Crown'd with that majeſty, which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praiſe, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him like the zodiac winds its light.
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er ſerene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find a paradiſe:
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, knowledge ſhines in pureſt light,
On one, the ſword of juſtice fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed,
Now tell the ſcourg'd impoſtor he ſhall bleed?
But oh! you ſons of men, exalt your voice,
And bid the ſoul through all her powers rejoice;
Mercy, his darling, in his boſom found,
Scatters ambroſial odours all around;
Unbends his brow, and mitigates his frown,
And ſooths his rage, and melts his thunders down.
My thoughts are chang'd; now man exalt thine eye,
In thy dread Judge thy dear Redeemer ſpy:
Ev'n Judas ſtruggles his deſpair to quell;
Hope almoſt bloſſoms in the ſhades of hell.
Thus glorious through the court of heav'n, the ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the founding ſhell,
And mingling voices with rich concert ſwell;

Voices ſeraphic; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Cou'd Satan hear, he were a God again:
All heav'n ſhines forth, in all her pomp compleat,
For God, himſelf, magnificently great.
Triumphant King of glory, Soul of bliſs;
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this!
O! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn,
And indigence of him, in Bethlem born;
A needy, helpleſs, unaccounted gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt?
How chang'd from him, who meekly proſtrate laid
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made?
From him, who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?
And was't enough to bid the ſun retire?
Why did not nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel the pangs divine,
The world is vaniſh'd,—I am wholly thine.
Miſtaken Caiaphas! ah! which blaſphem'd,
Thou or thy priſoner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame?
But God is good! 'tis wond'rous all! ev'n he
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for thee.
Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe,
Diſtinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound,

Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of his awful court.
Sweets of bright azure form the pureſt ſky,
Stream from the chryſtal arch, and round the columns fly,
Death wrapt in chains low at the baſis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' Eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his dreadful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the Chriſtian flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſhades a ſtain,
Where'er it floats, in earth, or air, or main:
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty ſight.
Ah turn, unwary muſe, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the ſun ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm they wiſh it all a dream:
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport may the ſcene behold.

Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick, and ſevere its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?

Thus

Thus then with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround
For homage to his Lord, a narrow bound.
'O thou! whoſe balance does the mountains weigh,
'Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
'Whoſe breath can turn thoſe wat'ry worlds to flame,
'That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame;
'Earth's meaneſt ſon, with trembling, proſtrate falls,
'And on the plenty of thy goodneſs calls.
'Ah! give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
'To ſcatter wide, or bury in the deep:
'Thy pow'r, my weakneſs may I ever ſee,
'And wholly dedicate my ſoul to thee.
'Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
'At thy command, nor human motive know!
'If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
'And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe,
'My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
'And life the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
'Oh may my underſtanding ever read
'This glorious volume, which thy wiſdom made!
'Who decks the maiden ſpring with flow'ry pride?
'Who calls forth ſummer, like a ſparkling bride?
'Who joys the mother-autumn's bed to crown?
'And bids old winter lay her honours down?
'Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
'Not Europe's arbitreſs of peace and war.
'May ſea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
'To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
'When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
'May thoughts of thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul

'When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
'Adore, my heart, the Majeſty Divine
'Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
'Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
'Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
'Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt thine:
'Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft and bends the bow;
'The cluſter blaſts, or bids it richly flow;
'Tis thou that lead'ſt our pow'rful armies forth,
'And giv'ſt great Anne thy ſceptre o'er the north.
'Grant I may ever at the morning ray,
'Open with pray'r the conſecrated day:
'Tune thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
'And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies;
'As that advances, let my zeal improve,
'And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
'Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun
'My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.
'And oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night
'To ſacred thought may forcibly invite,
'When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
'Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
'Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight,
'And ſhew all nature in a milder light;
'How every boiſterous thought in calm ſubſides!
'How the ſmooth'd ſpirits into goodneſs glides;
'Oh how divine! to tread the milky way,
'To the bright palace of the Lord of day:
'His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
'Or leagues of friendſhip with his ſaints renew;
'Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the world aſleep.
'While I long vigils to its founder keep.

'Canſt

'Canſt thou not ſhake the centre? oh controul,
'Subdue by force the rebel in my ſoul:
'Thou, who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
'Reſtrain the various tumults in my blood;
'Teach me with equal firmneſs to ſuſtain
'Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.
'O may I pant for thee in each deſire!
'And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
'Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize,
'Which in eternity's deep boſom lies!
'At the great day of recompence behold,
'Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
'Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
'From age to age my grateful ſong repeat;
'My light, my life, my God, my Saviour ſee;
'And rival angels in the praiſe of thee.'

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operoſa laboret.

OVID MET.

THE book unfolding, the reſplendent ſeat
Of ſaints and angels, the tremendous fate
Of guilty ſouls, the gloomy realms of woe,
And all the horrors of the world below,
I next preſume to ſing: what yet remains
Demands my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains.
And let the muſe, or now affect the ſky,
Or in inglorious ſhades for ever lye.
She kindles, ſhe's inflam'd ſo near the goal:
She mounts, ſhe gains upon the ſtarry pole;
The world grows leſs as ſhe purſues her flight,
And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.
Heav'n op'ning all its ſacred pomp diſplays,
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze!

The

The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound!
  Ten thouſand trumpets now at once advance;
Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe:
So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
Nor man, nor angel moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky;
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard,
Not guilty fear, not fancy's ſelf can draw
A meeting more auguſt, of greater awe.
And thou, my ſoul (oh fall to ſudden pray'r,
And let the thought ſink deep!) ſhalt thou be there?
  See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obſcene,
What more than death, in every face and mein!
With what diſtreſs, what glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.
Each geſture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is loaden with deſpair.
Reader, if guilty, ſpare the muſe, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
  Shouldſt thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the ſoft companions of thy life,
Whoſe blended int'reſts levell'd at one aim,
Whoſe mix'd deſires ſent up one common flame,

Divided far: thy wretched ſelf alone
Caſt on the left, of all whom thou haſt known;
How wou'd it wound? what millions would'ſt thou give
For one more trial, one day more to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend the ſtorm in air,
Reſtrain the ſun; but ſtill of this deſpair.
Mark on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's Image freſh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſt angels kindle love!
To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terror riſe,
And on the dread Tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
O the tranſcendant glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the Prieſt draws nigh,
Beholds his bleſſing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful paſſions throb in ev'ry vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Leſt ſtill ſome intervening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the glorious prize,
Inflame his woe, by bringing it ſo late,
And ſtab him in the criſis of his fate.

Since

Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt,
Look round, vain-glorious muſe, and you whoe'er
Devote yourſelves to fame, and think her fair,
Look round, and view the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts time's brighteſt annals grace;
Who founded ſects, crowns conquer'd, or reſign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Cou'd bind the madneſs of the roaring main:
All loſt! all undiſtinguiſh'd! no where found!
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace ſound!
Round gilded roofs how heavy will it fly?
With what a weight on crowns and ſceptres lye?
E'en great and good Auguſtus is not ſeen,
Nor haughty Babylon's victorious Queen.
What then is he, * who 'midſt the radiant bands
Of ſpotleſs ſaints, and laurel'd martyrs ſtands,
Conſpicuous from afar? whoſe rays ſo bright
Solicit, and attract the raviſh'd ſight;
In whom I ſee two diſtant virtues join'd,
A royal greatneſs, and an humble mind;
His lifted hands his lofty neck ſurround,
To hide the ſcarlet of a circling wound;
Th' Almighty Judge bends forward from his throne,
Theſe ſcars to mark, and then regard his own.
Jeruſalem's foundations groan aloud,
And Albion ſinks beneath her ambient flood.

Not

* King CHARLES I.

Not far, methinks, I kindred-features trace
In a majeſtic, tho' a female, face,
Her conſort by; around them ſmiling move
The beauteous bloſſoms of their fruitful love:
Known of their parents, they their parents know;
Their boſoms with a double tranſport glow;
Bleſt in themſelves, but more than bleſt to find
All held moſt dear in equal bleſſing join'd.
In one, ſuperior majeſty appears,
Advanc'd in beauty, as advanc'd in years.
What melting ſweetneſs, what commanding grace
Meet on his brow, like victory and peace?
Oh! to what fav'rite part of human kind
Was this ſo great, but dang'rous gift deſign'd?
What nation humbly cou'd enjoy his reign;
If loſt, with patience ſuch a loſs ſuſtain?
Ah ſay, Britannia, whence this vengeance flow'd,
Haſt thou not yet aton'd thy martyr's blood?
Edward's and Henry's ſtill aloud reſound?
Now are their names in greater Gloſter drown'd;
Oh! what a godlike race in him is loſt?
What has his death e'en future ages coſt;
But us'd with art, and rightly underſtood,
All diſpenſations from above are good:
And though with fruitful aſpect they ſurpriſe,
Moſt ills are only bleſſings in diſguiſe.
Oh happy iſſue! to whom ne'er was known
The bright temptations ſparkling from a throne;
Great parents! who thoſe bright temptations knew,
Knowing engag'd, engaging overthrew.
Now, juſt reward! celeſtial crowns encloſe
With deathleſs glories your victorious brows.

For

For ſee the volume vaſt ſince time begun
Juſt regiſter of all beneath the ſun,
Is thrown full wide; peace, ocean! ſilence lull
The ſounding winds! ye ſpheres, forbear to roll!
Hear, O creation, thy great Maſter ſpeak!
Now firſt for guilty man bleſt angels ſhake.

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd,
Southern or eaſtern ſceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or weſt dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.

Aloft the ſeats of bliſs their pomp diſplay,
Brighter than brightneſs, this diſtinguiſh'd day;
Leſs glorious, when of old th' Eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Thro' heav'ns high gates when he triumphant rode.
And ſhouting angels hail'd the Victor God.
Horrors beneath, darkneſs in darkneſs, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad ſulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, moſt dreadful to ſurvey,
And roars outrageous for the deſtin'd prey.
The ſons of light ſcarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer preſs heav'n's everlaſting throne.

Such is the ſcene, and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares,—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight:

I ſee,

I ſee, I ſee the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not 'tis diſtant, I behold it now;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous woe;
That woe; thoſe pangs, which from the guilty breaſt
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſt.
' Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
' Ah! cruel death, that would no longer ſave,
' But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
' And caſt me out into the wrath of God;
' Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
' And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
' Our only ſong; black fire's malignant light,
' The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.
' Muſt all thoſe pow'rs, heav'n gave me to ſupply
' My ſoul with pleaſure, and bring in my joy,
' Riſe up arms againſt me, join the foe,
' Senſe, reaſon, memory, increaſe my woe?
' And ſhall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
' Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
' Oh! muſt I look with terror on my gain,
' And with exiſtence only meaſure pain?
' What no reprieve, no leaſt indulgence giv'n,
' No beam of hope from any point of heav'n?
' Ah mercy! mercy! art thou dead above?
' Is love extinguiſh'd in the ſource of love?
' Bold that I am, did heav'n ſtoop down to hell?
' Th' expiring Lord of Life my random ſeal?
' Have I not been induſtrious to provoke?
' From his embraces obſtinately broke?
' Purſu'd, and panted for his mortal hate?
' Earn'd my deſtruction, labour'd out my fate?

' And

'And dare I on extinguiſh'd love exclaim? (flame.
'Take, take full vengeance, rouze the ſlack'ning
'Juſt is my lot—but, oh! muſt it tranſcend
'The reach of time, deſpair a diſtant end?
'With dreadful growth ſhoot forward, and ariſe
'Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!
'Never! where falls the ſoul at that dread ſound?
'Down an abyſs how dark, and how profound?
'Down, down (I ſtill am falling, horrid pain!)
'Ten thouſand thouſand fathoms ſtill remain;
'My plunge but ſtill begun,—and this for ſin?
'Could I offend, if I had never been,
'But ſtill increas'd the ſenſeleſs happy maſs,
'Flow'd in the ſtream, or flouriſh'd in the graſs?
'Father of mercies! why from ſilent earth
'Didſt thou awake, and call me into birth?
'Tear me from quiet, raviſh me from night?
'And make a thankleſs preſent of thy light?
'Puſh into being a reverſe of thee,
'And animate a clod with miſery?
'The beaſts are happy, they come forth and keep
'Short watch on earth, and then lye down to ſleep.
'Pain is for man; and oh! how vaſt a pain
'For crimes which made the Godhead bleed in vain?
'Stifled his groans, as far as in them lay,
'And flung his agonies, and death away?
'As our dire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
'Our conſtitution too for ever young,
'Curs'd with returns of vigour ſtill the ſame,
'Powerful to bear and ſatisfy the flame;
'Still to be caught, and ſtill to be purſu'd!
'To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd!

'And

'And this, my help! my God! at thy decree?
'Nature is chang'd, and hell ſhould ſuccour me.
'And canſt thou then look down from perfect bliſs,
'And ſee me plunging in the dark abyſs?
'Calling thee Father? in a ſea of fire,
'Or pouring blaſphemies at thy deſire?
'With mortal's anguiſh wilt thou raiſe thy name,
'And by my pangs Omnipotence proclaim?
'Thou who can'ſt toſs the planets to and fro,
'Contract not thy rais'd vengeance to my woe;
'Cruſh worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
'On me Almighty wrath is caſt away.
'Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
'Nor with a ſpeck of wretchedneſs engage;
'Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame,
'But loſe me in the greatneſs of thy name.
'Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
'And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine?
'Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence,
'And from its courſe turn back Omnipotence?
'Forbid it! and oh! grant, great God, at leaſt
'This one, this ſlender, almoſt no requeſt;
'When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
'When torment is grown weary of its prey,
'When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
'Ten thouſand thouſands let me then expire.'
Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul,
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and every loud blaſpheming owns
He's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and tranſfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain:

To

To talk to fiery tempeſts, to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er,
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.
The favour'd of their Judge, in triumph move
To take poſſeſſion of the thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply,
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long-extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of ſacred truth;
To ſwim on ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift their voice to their Almighty King;
To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praiſe.
But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
And leave unfiniſh'd the too-lofty ſtrain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I deſcend,
And chuſe a leſs, but no ignoble theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds in flame.
The fatal period, the great hour is come,
And nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array ſurround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors' blaze conſpire,
And darted downward ſet the world on fire;
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd æther choke,
And ſpiry flames ſhoot thro' the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light;

From

From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the winds impetuous courſe,
T' enrage the flame; it ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows through the ſky;
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend,
Cities and deſarts in one ruin blend;
Here, blazing volumes wafted overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm;
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills.
Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack? that ſound, which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook?
What wonders muſt that groan of nature tell?
Olympus there, and mighty Atlas fell;
Which ſeem'd above the reach of fate to ſtand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right-hand;
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow ſo lately ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.
High 'midſt the clouds the boiling ocean roars,
And looks far down on his decreaſing ſhores;
Leviathans in plaintive thunder cry,
In diſtant, diſmal pants, the long-liv'd echoes die.
Shew me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball
Have humbly ſought wealth, honour, or redreſs,
That land which heav'n ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd Britannia; can her glories end?
And can't ſurrounding ſeas her realms defend?
Alas in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas!
And all the waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel ſay, where ran proud Aſia's bound,
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?

Where

Where ſtretch'd vaſt Lybia? where did India's ſtore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of ſea, of earth, or ſkies;
All on whom Adam's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and periſh in the conquering flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their prey:
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars all melt away,
And leave a mighty blank involv'd in flame,
The whole creation ſinks! the glorious frame,
In which ten thouſand works, in radiant dance,
Orb above orb their wond'rous courſe advance,
By what o'er-ruling hand, which kindled all
The ſtars, and rounded in its palm the ball,
Is cruſh'd and loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of one dreadful hour,
The great Creator's ſix days work devour.

How rich that God who can ſuch charge defray,
And bear to fling ten thouſand worlds away?
Great wealth! and yet (ye nations hear) one ſoul
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing, ſuch a vaſt expence.

Have

Have ye not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurprizes thro' all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions, but for man?
For him Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him through all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heav'n's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky.
Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art,
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wander there a raviſh'd gueſt;
Gaze on theſe hidden treaſures, thou ſhalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind,
Of perfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light
Foretels a noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
Here, ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth, which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter ſun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, minor, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate,
What ſtores, on foreign coaſts thy landing wait.
Loſe not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod;
Thus glad all heav'n, and pleaſe that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the ſky:
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And God ſhine forth in one Eternal Day.

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

WITH AN

HYMN

TO

ADVERSITY.

BY

MR. GRAY.

AN

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

TO

HUME,

TO

A DIVERSITY.

BY

MR. GRAY.

AN

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude fore-fathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſe-wife ply her evening care.
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn ayle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Cromwell here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade thro' ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful clay,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

'The next, with dirges due and ſad array,
'Slow thro' the church-waypath we ſaw him borne.
'Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

The EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of JOVE, relentleſs power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge and tort'ring hour
The Bad affright, afflict the Beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The Proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy ſire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore;
What ſorrow was, thou badſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others' owe

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noiſe, and thoughtleſs joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Juſtice to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh! gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mein
With ſcreaming horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell diſeaſe, and ghaſtly poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart,
The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are, to feel, and know myſelf a man.

THE GRAVE, A POEM.

By ROBERT BLAIR.

The houſe appointed for all living. JOB.

THE GRAVE.

A

POEM.

BY ROBERT BLAIR.

THE GRAVE,

WHILST ſome affect the ſun, and ſome the ſhade,
Some flee the city, ſome the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying thro' life;—the taſk be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
Theſe travellers meet.——Thy ſuccours I implore,
Eternal king! whoſe potent arm ſuſtains
The keys of hell and death.—The grave, dread thing!
Men ſhiver, when thou'rt nam'd: nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmneſs.—Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful waſtes:
Where nought but ſilence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant ſun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The ſickly taper,
By glimmering thro' thy low-brow'd miſty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and noiſome ſlime)
Lets fall a ſupernumerary horror,
And only ſerves to make thy night more irkſome.
Well do I know thee by thy truſty yew,
Chearleſs, unſocial plant: that loves to dwell

'Midſt ſculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghoſts, and viſionary ſhades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embody'd, thick, perform their myſtic rounds,
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.
See yonder hollow'd fane; the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot
And bury'd, 'midſt the wrecks of things which were:
There lie interr'd the more illuſtrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a ſound ſo dreary:
Doors creek, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rock'd in the ſpire, ſcreams loud: the gloomy iſles
Black-plaiſter'd, and hung round with ſhreds of 'ſcutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, ſend back the ſound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults
The manſions of the dead.—Rous'd from their ſlumbers,
In grim array the griſly ſpectres riſe,
Grin horrible, and obſtinately ſullen
Paſs and repaſs, huſh'd as the foot of night.
Again the ſcreech-owl ſhrieks: ungracious ſound!
I'll hear no more, it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coæval near with that) all ragged ſhew
Long laſh'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchleſs trunks: others ſo thin a top,
That ſcarce two crows can lodge in the ſame tree.
Strange things, the neighbours ſay, have happen'd here:
Wild ſhrieks have iſſu'd from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.

(Such

(Such tales their chear, at wake or goſſiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night)
Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've ſeen
By glimpſe of moon-ſhine, chequering thro' the trees,
The ſchool-boy with his ſatchel in his hand,
Whiſtling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat ſtones,
(With nettles ſkirted, and with moſs o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phraſe who lie below.
Sudden he ſtarts, and hears, or thinks he hears
The ſound of ſomething purring at his heels;
Full faſt he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghaſtly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his ſtand
O'er ſome new-open'd grave; and (ſtrange to tell!)
Evaniſhes at crowing of the cock.
The new-made widow too, I've ſometimes' ſpy'd,
Sad ſight! ſlow moving o'er the proſtrate dead:
Liſtleſs, ſhe crawls along in doleful black,
While burſts of ſorrow guſh from either eye,
Faſt falling down her now untaſted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops; whilſt buſy meddling memory,
In barbarous ſucceſſion, muſters up
The paſt endearments of their ſofter hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, ſtill ſhe thinks
She ſees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more cloſely to the ſenſeleſs turf,
Nor heeds the paſſenger who looks that way.
Invidious grave—how doſt thou rend in ſunder
Whom love has knit, and ſympathy made one?

A tic

A tie more ſtubborn far than nature's band.
Friendſhip! myſterious cement of the ſoul;
Sweetner of life, and ſolder of ſociety;
I owe thee much. Thou haſt deſerv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to pleaſe.——Oh! when my friend and I
In ſome thick wood have wander'd heedleſs on,
Hid from the vulgar eye; and ſat us down
Upon the ſloping cowſlip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid ſtream has ſlid along
In grateful errors thro' the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring: Methought the ſhrill-tongu'd thruſh
Mended his ſong of love; the ſooty black-bird
Mellow'd his pipe, and ſoften'd every note:
The eglantine ſmell'd ſweeter, and the roſe
Aſſum'd a dye more deep; whilſt ev'ry flower
Vy'd with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dreſs——Oh! then, the longeſt ſummer's day
Seemed too much in haſte: ſtill the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'Twas happineſs
Too exquiſite to laſt. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull grave—thou ſpoil'ſt the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'ſt out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry ſmirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of Madneſs.
Where are the jeſters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleaſant? Where the droll,
Whoſe ev'ry look and geſture was a joke

To clapping theatres and ſhouting crouds,
And made even thick-lip'd muſing melancholy
To gather up her face into a ſmile,
Before ſhe was aware? Ah! ſullen now,
And dumb, as the green turf that covers them.
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæſars, and the Græcian chiefs,
The boaſt of ſtory? Where the hot-brain'd youth?
Who the tiara at his pleaſure tore
From kings of all the-then diſcover'd globe;
And cry'd, forſooth, becauſe his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how ſlim, diſhonourably ſlim,
And cramm'd into a ſpace we bluſh to name?
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where haſt thou hid thy many-ſpangled head,
And the majeſtic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerleſs now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his ſwathes,
Or victim humbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the ſacrificer's knife;
Mute, muſt thou bear the ſtrife of little tongues,
And coward inſults of the baſe-born crowd;
That grudge a privilege, thou never hadſt,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmoleſted and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very ſcruple;
Oh cruel irony! Theſe come too late,
And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.

Surely

Surely there's not a dungeon-ſlave, that's bury'd
In the high-way, unſhrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as ſoft, and ſleeps as ſound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high deſcent
Above the vulgar born, to rot in ſtate.
But ſee! the well-plum'd hearſe comes nodding on
Stately and ſlow; and properly attended
By the whole ſable tribe, that painful watch
The ſick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their perſons by the hour,
To mimic ſorrow, when the heart's not ſad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the ſun; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation-pomps,
In glory ſcarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy ſhow; whilſt from the caſements
And houſes tops, ranks behind ranks cloſe wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waſte?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcaſe
That's fall'n into diſgrace, and in the noſtril
Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midſt all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principle conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty ſtir?——'Tis wiſely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter caſts diſcreetly into ſhades.
Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'ſt
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddleſome officious ill,
Purſues thee ev'n to death; nor there ſtops ſhort.
Strange perſecution! when the grave itſelf
Is no protection from rude ſufferance.

Abſurd

Abſurd to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to reſcue ours.
The beſt concerted ſchemes men lay for fame
Die faſt away: only themſelves die faſter.
The far-fam'd ſculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
Thoſe bold inſurances of deathleſs fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride
And wonder of the world; whoſe ſpiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd
The angry ſhaking of the winter's ſtorm:
Yet ſpent at laſt by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The myſtic cone with hieroglyphics cruſted,
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable ſight:
The labour of whole ages, tumbles down;
Sepulchral columns wreſtle but in vain
With all-ſubduing time: her cank'ring hand
With calm deliberate malice waſteth them:
Worn on the edge of days the braſs conſumes,
The buſto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unſteady to the ſteel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who ſwam to ſov'reign rule thro' ſeas of blood;
Th' oppreſſive, ſturdy, man-deſtroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms and laid empires waſte,
And in a cruel wantonneſs of power
Thinn'd ſtates of half their people, and gave up
To want, the reſt: now like a ſtorm that's ſpent,
Lie huſh'd, and meanly ſneak behind the covert.

Vain

Vain thought! to hide them from the general ſcorn,
That haunts, and dogs them like an injur'd ghoſt
Implacable.—— Here too the petty tyrant,
Whoſe ſcant domains geographer ne'er noticed,
And well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as ſhort;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like ſome lordly beaſt of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
A hideous and miſhapen length of ruins,
And piteous plaintive voice of miſery:
(As if a ſlave was not a ſhred of nature,
Of the ſame common nature with his lord:)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with duſt, and calls the worm his kinſman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright.—Under ground,
Precedency's a jeſt; vaſſal and lord
Groſsly familiar, ſide by ſide conſume.
When ſelf-eſteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly perſuade us we were ſomething
Above the common level of our kind;
The grave gainſays the ſmooth-complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
That ſteals ſo ſoftly o'er the ſtripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulſe, unknown before,
The grave diſcredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roſes faded, and thy lilies foil'd,
What haſt thou more to boaſt of! Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I ſee thee with thy head low laid,
Whilſt ſurfeited upon thy damaſk cheek

The

The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unſcar'd.—For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at thy glaſs?
T' improve thoſe charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the ſpoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
Coarſe fare and carrion pleaſe thee full as well,
And leave as keen a reliſh on the ſenſe.
Look how the fair one weeps!—the conſcious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honeſt effuſion! the ſwoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloſs on its diſtreſs.
Strength too—thou ſurly, and leſs gentle boaſt
Of thoſe that laugh loud at the village-ring:
A fit of common ſickneſs pulls thee down
With greater eaſe, than e'er thou didſt the ſtripling,
That raſhly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard?—Deep groan indeed:
With anguiſh heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the ſtrong man,
By ſtronger arm belabour'd, gaſps for breath,
Like a hard-hunted beaſt. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy cheſt by far too ſcant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The ſtrong-built ſinewy limbs, and well-ſpread ſhoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and graſps it hard,
Juſt like a creature drowning; hideous ſight!
Oh! how his eyes ſtand out, and ſtare full ghaſtly!
Whilſt the diſtemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'croſs his bowels,

And

And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan!
It was his laſt.—See how the great Goliah,
Juſt like a child that brawl'd itſelf to reſt,
Lies ſtill.——What meanſt thou then, O mighty boaſter,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconſcious of his ſtrength, to play the coward,
And fly before a feeble thing like man;
That knowing well the ſlackneſs of his arm,
Truſts only in the well-invented knife?

With ſtudy pale, and midnight vigils ſpent,
The ſtar-ſurveying ſage, cloſe to his eye
Applies the ſight-invigorating tube;
And travelling thro' the boundleſs length of ſpace,
Marks well the courſes of the far-ſeen orbs,
That roll with regular confuſion there,
In eeſtaſy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very ſoon, thy firmeſt footing fails;
And down thou drop'ſt into that darkſome place,
Where no device, nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies diſabled now,
Diſarm'd, diſhonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to paſſers by.
Great man of language,—whence this mighty change
This dumb deſpair, and drooping of the head?
Tho' ſtrong perſuaſion hung upon thy lip,
And ſly inſinuation's ſofter arts
In ambuſh lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now? Thick miſts and ſilence
Reſt, like a weary cloud, upon thy breaſt
Unceaſing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,

The

The ſtrength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the leſſer ornaments of phraſe?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame: or more provoking
Perchance ſome hackney hunger-bitten ſcribbler
Inſults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouſe a dead man into rage,
And warm with ſad reſentment the wan cheek.
Here the great maſters of the healing-art,
Theſe mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons
Reſign to fate.—Proud Æſculapius' ſon!
Where are thy boaſted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ſhip could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Eſcap'd thy rifling-hand:—from ſtubborn ſhrubs
Thou wrung'ſt their ſhy-retiring virtues out
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor inſect,
Nor writhy ſnake, eſcap'd thy deep reſearch.
But why this apparatus? why this coſt?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipe's and cordials now,
With the long liſt of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou ſpeakeſt not.—The bold impoſtor
Looks not more ſilly, when the cheat's found out.
Here the lank-ſided miſer, worſt of felons,
Who meanly ſtole (diſcreditable ſhift,)
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;

Eas'd

Eas'd of a task, it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase; now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bill of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Ay: now you've made the rich man poor indeed,
Robb'd of his goods, what has he left behind?
Oh! cursed lust of gold; when for thy sake,
The soul throws up his int'rest in both worlds:
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How shocking must thy summons be, O death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come?
In that dread moment when the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help;
But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer.
Oh! might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with sorrow.—But the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulph in view!

That

That awful gulph, no mortal e'er repaſs'd,
To tell what's doing on the other ſide.
Nature runs back, and ſhudders at the ſight,
And ev'ry life-ſtring bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they muſt: body and ſoul muſt part;
Fond couple; link'd more cloſe than wedded pair.
This, wings its way to its almighty ſource,
The witneſs of its actions, now its judge;
That, drops into the dark and noiſome grave,
Like a diſabled pitcher of no uſe.
If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
When firſt they ſprung; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heav'ns:——Then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bug-bear death:—Then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the ſlip,
By ſtealing out of being, when he pleas'd;
And by that way, whether by hemp, or ſteel.
Death's thouſand doors ſtand open.—Who could force
The ill-plea'd gueſt to ſit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?——Sure he does well
That helps himſelf, as timely as he can,
When able.—But if there's an hereafter;
And that there is, conſcience, uninfluenc'd
And ſuffer'd to ſpeak out, tells ev'ry man;
Then muſt it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet, to die by one's own hand.

Self-

Self-murder!——name it not; our iſland's ſhame:
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring ſtates.
Shall nature, ſwerving from her earlieſt dictate,
Self-preſervation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it heav'n!——Let not, upon diſguſt,
The ſhameleſs hand be foully crimſon'd o'er
With blood of its own lord—Dreadful attempt!
Juſt reeking from ſelf-ſlaughter, in a rage
To ruſh into the preſence of our judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worſt,
And matter'd not his wrath.—Unheard-of tortures
Muſt be reſerv'd for ſuch: theſe herd together;
The common damn'd ſhun their ſociety,
And look upon themſelves as fiends leſs foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how ſhort, we know not;—this we know
Duty requires we calmly wait the ſummons,
Nor dare to ſtir till heav'n ſhall give permiſſion:
Like centries that muſt keep their deſtin'd ſtand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Thoſe only are the brave, that keep their ground,
And keep it to the laſt. To run away,
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worſt
Will ſoon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourſelves
By boldly ventring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark:——'tis mad:
No frenzy half ſo deſperate as this.
Tell us, ye dead! will none of you, in pity
To thoſe you left behind, diſcloſe the ſecret?
Oh! that ſome courteous ghoſt would blab it out:
What 'tis you are, and we muſt ſhortly be.

I've

I've heard that ſouls departed, have ſometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death. 'Twas kindly done
To knock, and give the alarm. But what means
This ſtinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindneſs
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die?——Do the ſtrict laws
Of your ſociety forbid your ſpeaking,
Upon a point ſo nice?——I ll aſk no more:
Sullen, like lamps in ſepulchres, your ſhine
Enlightens but yourſelves. Well—'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as cloſe.
Death's ſhafts fly thick:—Here falls the village ſwain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round;
And who ſo artful as to put it by?
'Tis long ſince death had the majority;
Yet ſtrange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The ſexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er ſtole
A gentle tear; with mattoc in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.—Scarce a ſcull's caſt up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some paſſage of his life.——Thus hand in hand
The ſot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet, ne er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a ſmuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None ſings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds not
That

That ſoon ſome truſty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thouſands.
On this ſide, and on that, men ſee their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn ; yet launch out
Into fantaſtic ſchemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days,
Cou'd ſcarce have leiſure for.——Fool that we are,
Never to think of death and of our ſelves
At the ſame time : as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours—Oh ! more than ſottiſh,
For creatures of a day in gameſome mood,
To frolic on eternitys dread brink
Unapprehenſive ! when, for aught we know,
The very firſt ſwoln ſurge ſhall ſweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a reſiſtleſs unremitting ſtream ;
Yet treads more ſoft than e'er did midnight-thief,
That ſlides his hand under the miſer's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—What is this world ?
What ? but a ſpacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's ſpoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead mens bones.
The very turf on which we tread, once liv'd :
And we that live muſt lend our carcaſes,
To cover our offspring.——In their turns
They too muſt cover theirs.——'Tis here all meet :
The ſhiv'ring Icelander and ſun-burnt Moor :
Men of all climes, that never met before ;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, and Chriſtian,
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
Here the o'erloaded ſlave flings down his burden

From

From his gall'd ſhoulders:——and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating new, unheard-of hardſhips,
Mocks his ſhort arm;--and, quick as thought eſcapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary reſt.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool ſhade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling ſtream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite ſeats of love,)
Faſt by his gentle miſtreſs lays him down
Unblaſted by foul tongne.——Here friends and foes
Lie cloſe; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and the preſbyter,
E'er while that ſtood aloof, as ſhy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like ſiſter-ſtreams
That ſome rude interpoſing rock had ſplit.
Here is the large-limb'd peaſant.--Here the child
Of a ſpan long, that never ſaw the ſun,
Nor preſs d the nipple, ſtrangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother with her ſons and daughters;
The barren wife: and long-demurring maid,
Whoſe lonely, unappropriated ſweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowſlips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude ſevere, and gay coquet,
The ſober widow, and the young, green virgin,
Cropp'd like a roſe, before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth diſclos'd.--Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth of lightſome vacant heart,
Whoſe every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth:—The ſhrill-tongu'd ſhrew,

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wiſe, the generous, and the brave;
The juſt, the good, the worthleſs, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the ſcoundrel, and the mean,
The ſupple ſtateſman, and the patriot ſtern;
The wrecks of nations, and the ſpoils of time,
With all the lumber of ſix thouſand years.

Poor man!—how happy once in thy firſt ſtate,
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He ſtamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd
Smil'd on his laſt fair work.—Then all was well,
Sound was the body, and the ſoul ſerene;
Like two ſweet inſtruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their ſeveral parts.—Nor head nor heart,
Offer'd to ache:—Nor was there cauſe they ſhould;
For all was pure within:—No fell remorſe,
For anxious caſtings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful boſom:——Summer ſeas
Shew not more ſmooth, when kiſs'd by ſouthern winds
Juſt ready to expire.—Scarce importun'd,
The generous ſoul, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing moſt perfect in its kind.
Bleſſed! thrice bleſſed days!—But ah! how ſhort!
Bleſs'd as the pleaſing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like thoſe, and quickly gone.
Oh! ſlipp'ry ſtate of things.—What ſudden turns?
What ſtrange viciſſitudes in the firſt leaf
Of man's ſad hiſtory?—To day moſt happy,
And ere to-morrow's ſun has ſet, moſt abject.
How ſcant the ſpace between theſe vaſt extremes!

Thus

Thus far'd it with our ſire:—Not long h' enjoy'd
His paradiſe.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair ſpot, due time to prove its ſweets,
Or ſum them up; when ſtrait he muſt be gone;
Ne'er to return again.——And muſt he go?
Can nought compound for the firſt dire offence
Of erring man?——Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.——But 'tis in vain.
Not all the laviſh odours of the place,
Offer'd in incenſe can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.——A mighty angel
With flaming ſword forbids his longer ſtay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor muſt he take
One laſt and farewel round.—At once he loſt
His glory, and his God.—If mortal now
And ſorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has ſinn'd.
Sick of his bliſs, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he needs would try: Nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! deſtructive meaſure!
Where the worſt thing could happen is ſucceſs.)
Alas! too well he ſped:—The good he ſcorn'd,
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghoſt,
Not to return;——or if it did, its viſits
Like thoſe of angels, ſhort and far between:
Whilſt the black dæmon with his hell-ſcap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
Saw the raſh error, which he could not mend:
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future ſons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans

Beneath a vaſſalage ſo vile and cruel,
And its vaſt body bleeds through ev'ry vein.
What havock haſt thou made, foul monſter! ſin
Greateſt and firſt of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimenſions!—— But for thee
Sorrow had never been— All-noxious thing,
Of vileſt nature! Other ſorts of evils
Are kindly circumſcrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails
That belches molten ſtone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of ſmoke and ſtench,
Marrs the adjacent fields, for ſome leagues round
And there it ſtops.—The big-ſwoln inundation,
Of miſchief more diffuſive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its ſhore it cannot paſs.
More dreadful far than theſe! Sin has laid waſte
Not here and there a country, but a world:
Diſpatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their ſakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blaſting the foodful grain, the loaded branches;
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accurſed thing!——Oh! where ſhall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expreſſive
Of all thy horrors—— Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper ſo tranſcendantly malign,
That toads and ſerpents of moſt deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee are harmleſs.—— Sickneſſes
Of ev'ry ſize and ſymptom, racking pains,
And blueſt plagues are thine —See how the fiend
Profuſely ſcatters the contagion round!

Whilſt

Whilſt deep-mouth'd ſlaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new-ſpilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is ſtruck.
But hold,—I've gone too far; too much diſcover'd
His father's nakedneſs, and nature's ſhame.
Here let me pauſe, and drop an honeſt tear,
One burſt of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all thoſe ample deſarts death hath ſpread,
This chaos of mankind.——O great man-eater!
Whoſe ev'ry day is carnival, not ſated yet!
Unheard of epicure! without a fellow!
The veryeſt gluttons, do not always cram:
Some intervals of abſtinence are ſought
To edge the appetite: thou ſeekeſt none.
Methinks the countleſs ſwarms thou haſt devour'd,
And thouſands that each hour thou gobbleſt up;
This, leſs than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious ſtill, thou gap'ſt for more:
Like one whoſe days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays her ſkinny hand,
And whets to keeneſt eagerneſs his cravings.
(As if diſeaſes, maſſacres, and poiſon,
Famine and war, were not thy caterers.)
But know, that thou muſt render up thy dead,
And with high int'reſt too.—They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a ſeaſon,
Till the great promis'd day of reſtitution;
When loud diffuſive ſound from brazen trump
Of ſtrong-lung'd cherub, ſhall alarm thy captives,
And rouſe the long, long ſleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.———

Then muſt thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd: but now full ripe,
And pure as ſilver from the crucible,
That twice has ſtood the torture of the fire
And inquiſition of the forge.——We know,
Th' illuſtrious deliverer of mankind,
THE SON OF GOD, thee foil'd.—Him in thy pow'r
Thou could'ſt not hold:—ſelf-vigorous he roſe,
And, ſhaking off thy fetters, ſoon retook
Thoſe ſpoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releaſement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he ſojourn'd here on earth,
And ſhew'd himſelf alive to choſen witneſſes
By proofs ſo ſtrong, that the moſt ſlow aſſenting
Had not a ſcruple left.——This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n.——Methinks I ſee him
Climb the aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the ſevering clouds: But the faint eye
Flung backwards in the chace, ſoon drops its hold;
Diſabled quite, and jaded with purſuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends ſhut out: as ſome great prince,
Not for himſelf alone procures admiſſion,
But for his train.—It was his royal will,
That where he is, there ſhould his followers be.
Death only lies between.——A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will ſoon go off.—Beſides there's no by-road
To bliſs.—Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at tranſient hardſhips in the way
That leads to purer air, and ſofter ſkies,

And

And a ne'er ſetting ſun?—Fools that we are!
We wiſh to be, where ſweets unwith'ring bloom;
But ſtrait our wiſh revoke, and will not go.
So have I ſeen, upon a ſummer's ev'n,
Faſt by the riv'lets brink, a youngſter play:
How wiſhfully he looks to ſtem the tide!
This moment reſolute, next unreſolv'd:
At laſt he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffenſive ſtream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And ſmil'd ſo ſweet of late.—Thrice welcome death!
That after many a painful, bleeding ſtep
Conducts us to our home, and lands us ſafe
On the long-wiſh'd-for ſhore.—Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a bleſſing!—Death diſarm'd
Loſes her ſelneſs quite.—All thanks to Him
Who ſcourg'd the venom out.—Sure the laſt end
Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire ſo ſoft.
Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
A life well ſpent, whoſe early care it was
His riper years ſhould not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away:
Yet, like the ſun, ſeems larger at his ſetting.
(High in his faith and hopes) look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, ſtruggles hard to get away:
Whilſt the glad gates of ſight, are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the firſt fair fruits
Of the faſt-coming harveſt.—Then!—Oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or diſappears,

Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs
To have his paſſport ſign'd, and be diſmiſs'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy!—The glad ſoul
Has not a wiſh uncrown'd.—Ev n the lag fleſh,
Reſts too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to ſunder more.
Nor ſhall it hope in vain —The time draws on
When not a ſingle ſpot of burial-earth,
Whether on land, or in the ſpacious ſea,
But muſt give back its long-committed duſt
Inviolate:—— And faithfully ſhall theſe
Make up the full account; not the leaſt atom
Imbezzl'd, or miſlaid, of the whole tale.
Each ſoul ſhall have a body ready-furniſh'd;
And each ſhall have his own?— Hence, ye profane,
Aſk not, how this can be?— Sure the ſame pow'r
That rear'd the piece at firſt, and took it down,
Can re-aſſemble the looſe ſcatter d parts,
And put them as it were —— Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days: and what he can, he will:
His faithfulneſs ſtands bound to ſee it done.
When the dread trumpet ſounds, the ſlumb'ring duſt,
(Not unattentive to the call) ſhall wake:
And ev'ry joint poſſeſs its proper place,
With a new elegance of form unknown
To its firſt ſtate.—Nor ſhall the conſcious ſoul
Miſtake its partner, but amidſt the croud,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall ruſh, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been abſent,
With haſte runs over ev'ry different room,

In

In pain to ſee the whole.—Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, ſhall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonleſs night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus at the ſhut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in ſome lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

THE HERMIT.

TOGETHER WITH A

NIGHT-PIECE

ON

DEATH.

BY

Dr. THOMAS PARNELL,

Archdeacon of CLOGHER.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the chryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his bus'neſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.

A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, 'till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſcene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)

He

He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my ſon, the rev'rend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.
Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober gray;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the liv'ry'd ſervants wait:
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.

Then

Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the fire; when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wiley partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.
While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſky hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud a-croſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping caus'd a deſert there.

As near the miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then, his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pond'ring hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face!
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes on azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, chear the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.

While

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom wrought,
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His part'ners acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.
Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lye,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bleſs the Manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what his only ſon!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?

Not

Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the band of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch——But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay;
The form etherial burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.
Tho' loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)

Thy

Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel———Thy fellow ſervant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.
The maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty thro' all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work its ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.
What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'rous eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!
The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.
The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.

Thus

Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run!
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.
But now had all his fortunes felt a wrack
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back;
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha, when to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky:
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er:
Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way.
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught below.
How deep yon azure dies the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lye,
While thro' their ranks in ſilver pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Whare once again the ſpangled ſhow
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There paſs with melancholy ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,

And

And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life poſſeſt,
And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt.
Thoſe graves, with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,
Where toil and poverty repoſe.
The flat ſmooth ſtones that a bear a name,
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame,
(Which ere our ſet of friends decay,
Their frequent ſteps may wear away;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lye,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
Theſe, all the poor remains of ſtate,
Adorn the rich, or praiſe the great;
Who, while on earth, in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrap'd with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crouds,
And all with ſober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.
Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, ceaſe your croaking din,

Ye

Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.
When men my ſcythe and dart ſupply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the laſt of things;
They make, and then they dread my ſtings.
Fools! if you leſs provok'd your fears,
No more my ſpectre-form appears,
Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man wou'd ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate of eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.
Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendent cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the ſcutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul, thoſe forms of woe:
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glitter round the cell,
When'er their ſuffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring ſun:
Such joy, tho' far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few and evil years they waſte:
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING:

AN

IMITATION

OF

MILTON.

BY

MR. PHILIPS.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

——Sing, heavenly muſe.——
Things unattempted yet, in proſe or rhime,
A Shilling, Breeches, *and* Chimeras-dire.

HAPPY the man, who void of cares and ſtrife,
In ſilken, or in leathern purſe retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly miſts ariſe,
To Juniper's-Magpye, or Town-Hall* repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph. whoſe wanton eye
Transfix'd his ſoul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis; he each circling glaſs
Wiſheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Mean while, he ſmokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corps ſuſtain;
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff

* *Two noted Alehouſes in* Oxford.

Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-poliſh'd jet,
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming ſcent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy rock and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Ceſtrian cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the antient town
Yclip'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's ſtream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful ſoil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Maſſic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus, while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and ſilent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monſter! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel aſcends,
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhou'd I do? or whither turn? amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark receſs I fly
Of woodhole; ſtrait my briſtling hairs erect
Thro' ſudden fear; a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And ſpreading hand, admir'd by modern ſaints,

Diſaſtrous

Diſaſtrous acts forbode; in his right hand
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters, and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) behind him ſtalks
Another monſter not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whoſe polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms
Erſt have endu'd, if he is ample palm
Shoud haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay
Of debtor, ſtraight his body, to the touch
To ſome Inchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coerceive chains
In durance ſtrict detain him, till in form
Of money, Pallas ſet the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious ken
This caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So (poets ſing)
Grimalkin to domeſtic vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin. So her diſembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall, or kitchen ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail

Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue ;
The waſp inſidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Diſtinct with gold, entangled in her ſnares,
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make : with eager ſtrides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected ſpoils ;
Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſſes triumphant drags.
So paſs my days. But when nocturnal ſhades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumming froſts
With pleaſant wines, and crackling blaze of wood ;
Me, lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights ; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts
My anxious mind ; or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſperate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh, and rave ; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe :
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain : awake I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant phantom curſe.
Thus do I live from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays

Mature,

Mature, John-Apple, nor the downy Peach,
Nor Walnut in rough furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor Medlar-fruit, delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My galligaſkins that have long withſtood
The winter's fury, and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdu'd (what will not time ſubdue!)
An horrid chaſm diſcloſe, with orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auſter, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blaſts,
Portending agues. Thus a well fraught ſhip
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruiſing near
The Lilybean ſhore, with hideous cruſh
On Scylla, or Charibdis (dang'rous rocks)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd oak,
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the ſea; in at the gaping ſide
The crowding waves guſh with impetuous rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming; horrors ſeize
The mariners, death in their eyes appears,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray:
(Vain efforts!) ſtill they batt'ring waves ruſh in,
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
The ſhip ſinks found'ring in the vaſt abyſs.

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

A

POEM.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty chear'd the lab'ring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd,
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please.
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene;
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made.
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;

And

And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And ſlights of art and feats of ſtrength went round.
And ſtill as each repeated pleaſure tir'd,
Succeeding ſport the mirthful band inſpir'd;
The dancing pair that ſimply ſought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The ſwain miſtruſtleſs of his ſmutted face,
While ſecret laughter titter'd round the place;
The baſhful virgin's ſide-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would thoſe looks reprove.
Theſe were thy charms, ſweet village! ſports like theſe,
With ſweet ſucceſſion, taught even toil to pleaſe;
Theſe round thy bowers their chearful influence ſhed,
Theſe were thy charms—But all theſe charms are fled.

Sweet ſmiling village, lovelieſt of the lawn,
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidſt thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is ſeen,
And deſolation ſaddens all thy green:
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a tillage ſtints thy ſmiling plain;
No more thy glaſſy brook reflects the day,
But choak'd with ſedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow-ſounding bittern guards its neſt;
Amidſt thy deſert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to haſt'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;

Princes

Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroy'd, can never be ſupply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd his man;
For him light labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore,
Juſt gave what life requir'd, but gave no more.
His beſt companions, innocence and health;
And his beſt riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain:
Along the lawn where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repoſe;
And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Thoſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that aſk'd but little room,
Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
Theſe, far departing, ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confeſs the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn grew;
Here, as with doubtful, penſive ſteps I range,
Trace ev'ry ſcene, and wonder at the change,
Remembrance wakes with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.

In

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my ſhare——
I ſtill had hopes my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bow'rs to lay me down;
My anxious day to huſband near the cloſe,
And keep life's flame from waſting by repoſe.
I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Amidſt the ſwains to ſhew my book-learn'd ſkill;
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I ſaw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants to the place from whence at firſt ſhe flew,
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return—— and die at home at laſt.

O bleſt retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never muſt be mine.
How bleſt is he who crowns in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And, ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from his gate;
Bnt on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And, all his proſpects bright'ning to the laſt,
His Heav'n commences ere the world be paſt!

Sweet was the ſound, when oft at ev'ning's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe

There,

There, as I paſt with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whiſp'ringwind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind;
Theſe all in ſoft confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail,
No chearful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy fluſh of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmleſs train,
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.

Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flow'r grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place;
Unſkilful he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;

Far

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits, or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompted every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tris;
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the ſkies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The reverend champion ſtood. At his control,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the parting ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt fault'ring accents whiſper'd praiſe.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile.
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in Heav'n.
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

Beſide yon ſtraggling fence that ſkirts the way,
With bloſſom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noiſy manſion, ſkill'd to rule,
The village maſter taught his little ſchool;
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view,
I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's diſaſter's in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the buſy whiſper circling round,
Convey'd the diſmal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if ſevere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could meaſure, terms and tides preſage,
And ev'n the ſtory ran that he could gauge:

In

In arguing too, the parſon own'd his ſkill,
For e'en tho' vanquiſh'd, he could argue ſtill;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring ſound,
Amaz'd the gazing ruſtics rang'd around,
And ſtill they gaz'd, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew.
But paſs'd is all his fame. The very ſpot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Lowlies that houſe where nut-brown draughts inſpir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth and ſmiling toil retir'd,
Where village ſtateſmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplendours of that feſtive place;
The white-waſh'd wall, the nicely ſanded floor,
The varniſh'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The cheſt, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt-of-drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of gooſe;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wiſely kept for ſhew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.
Vain tranſitory ſplendours! Cou'd not all
Reprieve the tott'ring manſion from its fall!
Obſcure it ſinks, nor ſhall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peaſant ſhall repair
To ſweet oblivion of his daily care;

No

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad ſhall prevail;
No more the ſmith his duſky brow ſhall clear,
Relax his pond'rous ſtrength, and lean to hear;
The hoſt himſelf no longer ſhall be found
Careful to ſee the mantling bliſs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be preſt,
Shall kiſs the cup to paſs it to the reſt.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud diſdain,
Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train.
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The ſoul adopts, and owns their firſt-born ſway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmoleſted, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight maſquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In theſe, ere triflers half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain;
And, even while faſhion's brighteſt arms decoy,
The heart diſtruſting aſks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye ſtateſmen, who ſurvey
The rich man's joys increaſe, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits ſtand
Between a ſplendid and an happy land.
Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting Folly hails them from her ſhore;
Hoards, even beyond the miſer's wiſh abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our uſeful products ſtill the ſame.

Not ſo the loſs. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleaſure all
In barren ſplendour feebly waits the fall.

As ſome fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when thoſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then ſhines forth, ſolicitous to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt array'd,
But verging to decline, its ſplendours riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its places ſurprize;
While, ſcourg'd by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And while he ſinks, without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.
Where then, ah, where ſhall poverty reſide,
To 'ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride;
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtray'd
He drives his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,

Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.
If to the city ſped—What waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare;
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To ſee each joy the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps diſplay,
There the black gibbet glooms beſide the way.
The dome where pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train,
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare;
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles ere annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy!
Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bleſt,
Has wept at tales of innocence diſtreſt;
Her modeſt looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primroſe peeps beneath the thorn:
Now loſt to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door ſhe lays her head,
And pinch'd with cold, and ſhrinking from the ſhow'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour,
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, ſweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliеſt train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

Even

Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud mens door they aſk a little bread?
Ah no. To diſtant climes, a dreary ſcene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
To torrid tracts with fainting ſteps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid ſhore.
Thoſe blazing ſuns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable day,
Thoſe matted woods where birds forget to ſing,
But ſilent bats in drowſy cluſters cling,
Thoſe poiſonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark ſcorpion gathers death around;
Where at each ſtep the ſtranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the 'vengeful ſnake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapleſs prey,
And ſavage men more murd'rous ſtill than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landſcape with the ſkies.
Far different theſe from every former ſcene,
The cooling brook, the graſſy veſted green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſhelter'd thefts, or harmleſs love.
Good Heaven! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleaſure paſt,
Hung round their bow'rs, and fondly look'd their laſt,
And took a long farewel, and wiſh'd in vain
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And ſhudd'ring ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Return'd and wept, and ſtill return'd to weep.

The

The good old ſire, the firſt prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſh'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſt the cot where ev'ry pleaſure roſe;
And kiſt her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſpt them cloſe in ſorrow doubly dear;
Whilſt her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the decent manlineſs of grief.
O luxury! Thou curſt by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions with inſidious joy
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldy woe;
Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and ev'ry part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.
Even now the devaſtation is begun,
And half the buſineſs of deſtruction done;
Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring veſſel ſpreads the ſail
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand.

Contented

Contented toil, and hoſpitable care,
And kind connubial tenderneſs, are there;
And piety with wiſhes plac'd above,
And ſteady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, ſweet Poetry! thou lovelieſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;
Unfit in theſe degen'rate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride.
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo:
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurſe of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well.
Farewell, and Oh, where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redreſs the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid ſlighted truth, with thy perſuaſive ſtrain;
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that ſtates of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Tho' very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As oceans ſweep the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

THE

THE TRAVELLER:

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY,

A POEM.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE

TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte expanded to the ſkies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend;
Bleſt be that ſpot, where chearful gueſts retire
To pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bleſt that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair;
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts where mirth and peace abound,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale,
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wand'ring ſpent and care:
Impell'd, with ſteps, unceaſing to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies;
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortunes lead to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;
And, plac'd on high above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, 'twere thankleſs to repine.
'Twere affectation all, and ſchool-taught pride,
To ſpurn the ſplendid things by heav'n ſupply'd.
Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he whoſe ſympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and ſplendour crown'd,
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round,
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale,
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary ſtores combine
Creation's heir, the world the world is mine,

As ſome lone miſer viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:

Thus

Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man ſupplies:
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the ſum of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wand'ring hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.

Yet, where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly aſſerts that country for his own,
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And live-long nights of revelry and eaſe;
The naked Negro, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands, and palmy wine,
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Nor leſs the patriot's boaſt, where'er we roam,
His firſt beſt country ever is at home.

And yet, perhaps, if ſtates with ſtates we ſcan,
Or eſtimate their bliſs on reaſon's plan,
Though patriot's flatter, and though fools contend,
We ſtill ſhall find uncertainty ſuſpend,
Find that each good, by art or nature given,
To theſe or thoſe, but make the balance even:
Find that the bliſs of all is much the ſame,
And patriotic boaſting, reaſon's ſhame.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at labour's earneſt call;
And though rough rocks or gloomy ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks, by cuſtom, turn to beds of down.

From art more various are the bleſſings ſent:
Wealth, ſplendour, honour, liberty, content,
Yet theſe each other's power ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt.
Hence every ſtate, to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims at other ends:
Till, carried to exceſs in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us view theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected ſhrub, at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at every blaſt.

Far to the right, where Apennine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends:
Her uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring top between,
With venerable grandeur marks the ſcene.

Could Nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly riſe or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern ſky
With vernal leaves that bloſſom but to die;
Theſe here diſporting own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;

While

While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.
But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,
And ſenſual bliſs is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man ſeems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contraſted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious; though ſubmiſſive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flouriſh'd through the ſtate:
At her command the palace learnt to riſe,
Again the long-fall'n column ſought the ſkies;
The canvaſs glow'd beyond even Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Commerce diſplay'd on other ſhores her ſail;
And late the nation found, with fruitleſs ſkill,
Its former ſtrength was but plethoric ill.
Yet, though to fortune loſt, here ſtill abide
Some ſplendid arts, the wrecks of former pride;
From which the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeems to find.
Here may be ſeen in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſte-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in ev'ry grove;
By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd,
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child;

At ſports like theſe, while foreign arms advance,
In paſſive eaſe they leave the world to chance.
When ſtruggling virtue ſinks by long controul,
She leaves at laſt, or feebly mans the ſoul;
While low delights, ſucceeding laſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:
As in thoſe domes, where Cæſars once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
Amidſt the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.
My ſoul, turn from them, turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay,
Where the bleak Swiſs their ſtormy manſions tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and ſteel; the ſoldier and his ſword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly ſooths the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.
Yet ſtill, even here, content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Though poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts tho' ſmall,
He ſees his little lot, the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting fits him to the ſoil.

Chearful

Chearful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breaſts the keen air, and carrols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plow-ſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day,
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round ſurveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze:
While his lov'd partner boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays the cleanly platter on the board,
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart.
Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a babe, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwinds roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Theſe are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd;
Their wants are few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, the pleaſures are but few;
Since every want, that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt.
Hence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;

Unknown thoſe powers that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a ſmould'ring fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
'Till, buried in debauch, the bliſs expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow;
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low:
For as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd their manners run,
And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart,
Fall blunted from each indurated heart,
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons cow'ring on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm our way,
Theſe far diſpers'd, on timorous pinions fly;
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.
To kinder ſkies where gentler manners reign,
We turn; and France diſplays her bright domain.
Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe.
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe, beſide the murmuring Loire?
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harſh touch faultering ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſtill,
Yet would the village praiſe my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon tide-hour.

Alike

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandſire ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burden of threeſcore.
So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay,
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here:
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, or cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd; they give to get eſteem;
'Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.
But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought.
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence oſtentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;
Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace,
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year;
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf-applauſe.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where Holland lies;

Methinks

Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride,
That ſpreads its arm againſt the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore.
Onward methinks, and diligently ſlow
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to go;
While ocean pent, and riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile.
The ſlow canal, the yellow bloſſom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.
Thus while around the wave-ſubjected ſoil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each breaſt obtain,
And induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplay'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts:
But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear;
Even liberty itſelf is barter'd here.
At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies,
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys:
A land of tyrants, and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſleep beneath the ſtorm.
Heavens!

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic ſires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the ſons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the ſound, my genius ſpreads her wing,
And flies where Britain broods the weſtern ſpring,
Where lawns extend that ſcorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter ſtreams than fam'd Hydaſpes glide:
There all around the gentle breezes ſtray,
There gentle muſic melts on every ſpray;
Creation's mildeſt charms are here combin'd,
Extremes are only in the maſter's mind;
Stern o'er each boſom reaſon holds her ſtate,
With daring aims irregularly great;
I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
Intent on high deſigns, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfaſhion'd, freſh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in a native hardineſs of ſoul,
True to imagin'd right above controul,
While even the peaſant boaſts theſe rights to ſcan,
And learns to venerate himſelf as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the bleſſings pictur'd here,
Thine are thoſe charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bleſt indeed, were ſuch without alloy;
But foſter'd e'en by freedom ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize ſo high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the ſocial tie;
See though by circling deeps together held,
Minds combat minds, rebelling and rebell'd;
Ferments ariſe, impriſon'd factions roar,
Repreſt ambition ſtruggles round her ſhore,

Whilſt

Whilſt over-wrought, the general ſyſtem feels
Its motions ſtopt, or phrenzy fires the wheels.
Nor this the worſt. As ſocial bonds decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to ſway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather ſtrength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to theſe alone,
And talent ſinks, and merit weeps unknown;
'Till Time may come, when ſtript of all her charms,
That land of ſcholars, and that nurſe of arms;
Where noble ſtems tranſmit the patriot flame,
And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame;
One ſink of level avarice ſhall lie,
And ſcholars, ſoldiers, kings unhonour'd die.
Yet think not thus, when freedom's ills I ſtate,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Periſh the wiſh; for, inly ſatisfy'd,
Above their pomp I hold my ragged pride.
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to ſtretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themſelves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal ſtatutes draw,
Law grinds the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where ſavage nations roam,
Pillag'd from ſlaves, to purchaſe ſlaves at home;
Fear, pity, juſtice, indignation ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bare my ſwelling heart;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curſe with me that baneful hour,
When firſt ambition ſtruck at regal power;

And

And thus, polluting honour in its ſource,
Gave wealth to ſway the mind with double force.
Have we not ſeen, round Britain's peopled ſhore,
Her uſeful ſons exchang'd for uſeleſs ore?
Seen all her triumphs but deſtruction haſte,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waſte;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead ſtern depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
In barren ſolitary pomp repoſe?
Have we not ſeen at pleaſure's lordly call,
The ſmiling long frequented village fall;
Beheld the duteous ſon, the ſire decay'd,
The modeſt matron, and the bluſhing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverſe climes beyond the weſtern main;
Where wild Oſwego ſpreads her ſwamps around,
And Niagara ſtuns with thund'ring ſound?
Even now perhaps, as there ſome pilgrim ſtrays
Through tangled foreſts, and through dangerous ways;
Where beaſts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim;
There, while above the giddy tempeſt flies,
And all around diſtreſsful yells ariſe,
The penſive exile, bending with his woe,
To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Caſts a fond look where England's glories ſhine,
And bids his boſom ſympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centers in the mind;
Why have I ſtray'd, from pleaſure and repoſe,
To ſeek a good each government beſtows?

In

In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws reſtrain,
How ſmall, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure.
Still to ourſelves in ev'ry place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy,
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith and conſcience all our own.

O D E I.

TO A FRIEND, UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

By MARK AKENSIDE, *M. D.*

I.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wiſhes gain,
Had e'er diſturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or coſt one ſerious moment's pain,
I ſhould have ſaid that all the rules,
You learn'd of moraliſts and ſchools.
Were very uſeleſs, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps miſtake the caſe—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chace,
You try the tender loſs to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my cenſure ſtrangely wrong
To count it ſuch a ſlight affair?

III.

III.

When Heſper gilds the ſhaded ſky,
Oft as you ſeek the well-known grove,
Methinks I ſee you caſt your eye
Back to the morning ſcenes of love;
Each pleaſing word you heard her ſay,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your ſtruggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your ſoul intire?
Does wiſdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you queſtion each deſire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-ſtarting from your eye?
No kindling bluſh you know not why?
No ſtealing ſigh, nor ſtifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whoſe hand hath ſeiz'd the favorite good,
Which you reſerv'd for happier years:
While, ſide by ſide, the bluſhing maid
Shrinks from his viſage, half-afraid,
Spite of the ſickly joy ſhe wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaſte, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth, O tender charms,
Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty ſold!

VII.

Ceaſe then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy ſhe your bliſs to prove;
Then wherefore ſhould ſhe prove your care?
No: lay your myrtle garland down;
And let awhile the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O juſt eſcap'd the faithleſs main,
Though driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favor'd ſteps again,
Behold your better genius ſtand:
Where truth revolves her page divine,
Where virtue leads to honor's ſhrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on theſe your ruling aim,
And time, the ſire of manly care,
Will fancy's dazzling colors tame,
A ſoberer dreſs will beauty wear:
Then ſhall eſteem by knowledge led
Inthrone within your heart and head
Some happier love, ſome truer fair.

ODE II.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

TO THE SAME.

By MARK AKENSIDE, *M. D.*

I.

YES: you contemn the perjur'd maid
Who all your favorite hopes betray'd:
Nor, though her heart ſhould home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falſehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
Or once diſſemble your diſdain,
Or liſten to the ſyren's theme,
Or ſtoop to love: ſince now eſteem
And confidence, and friendſhip, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When ſummoning your pride you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or croſs her walk with ſlight reſpect,
(For ſo is falſehood beſt repaid)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your ſtruggling tongue ſo ſlow?
What means that darkneſs on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apoſtate to upbraid?

ODE III.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

By MARK AKENSIDE, *M. D.*

HOW thick the ſhades of evening cloſe!
How pale the ſky with weight of ſnows!
Haſte, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyleſs day retire.
———Alas, in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected ſcene,
While rouz'd with grief theſe fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that ſtorms around.
And yon deep death-bell's groaning ſound
Renew my mind's oppreſſive gloom,
Till ſtarting horror ſhakes the room.
Is there in nature no kind power
To ſooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire diſeaſe,
And teach theſe wintry ſhades to pleaſe?
Come, Cheerfulneſs, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
O ſweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleaſure's queen,
Aſſuage the flames that burn my breaſt,
Compoſe my jarring thoughts to reſt;

And

And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My ſong ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.
As once ('twas in Aſtræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the ſpheres above,
And downward hither caſt his eye
The year's returning pomp to ſpy,
He ſaw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the roſy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were ſhedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora paſs'd,
And Heſper's golden lamp was laſt.
But, faireſt of the blooming throng,
When Health majeſtic mov'd along,
Delighted to ſurvey below
The joys which from her preſence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And ſwains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confeſs'd,
And ſoon his vows inclin'd her breaſt,
And, known from that auſpicious morn,
The pleaſing Cheerfulneſs was born.
Thou, Cheerfulneſs, by heav'n deſign'd
To ſway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful paſſion ſprings,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To diſarrange the power within,
And ſtrain the muſical machine;
Thou, Goddeſs, thy attempering hand
Doth each diſcordant ſtring command,

Refines

Refines the ſoft, and ſwells the ſtrong;
And, joining nature's general ſong
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human ſouls.
Fair guardian of domeſtic life,
Kind baniſher of homebred ſtrife,
Nor ſullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deforms the ſcene where thou art by:
No ſickening huſband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waſte on thankleſs heirs:
The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With ſongs from thee their walks reſound;
And morn with welcome luſtre ſhines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.
Is there a youth, whoſe anxious heart
Labors with love's unpitied ſmart?
Though now he ſtray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waſte the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debaſe the ſtory of his pain
With ſlaviſh looks, diſcolor'd eyes,
And accents faltering into ſighs;
Yet thou, auſpicious power, with eaſe
Can'ſt yield him happier arts to pleaſe,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Inſtruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding paſſion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muſe and all her train,
For thee I court the Muſe again:
The Muſe for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondeſt art,
Who owes to thee that pleaſing ſway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have ſung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight.
Thy hand each Leſbian wreathe attir'd:
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inſpir'd:
Thy ſpirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the inlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy ſportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.
But ſee where yonder penſive ſage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſs'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breaſt)
Retires in deſert ſcenes to dwell,
And bids the joyleſs world farewel.
Alone he treads the autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He ſees the nightly damp aſcend,
And gathering ſtorms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole:
Then, ſtruck by every object round,
And ſtunn'd by every horrid ſound,

He

He aſks a clue for nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze:
He ſees ten thouſand demons riſe
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And chance and fate aſſume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
— O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpel the gloom,
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſic ſwell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that preſiding cauſe
Who founds on diſcord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure every pain,
Subdues each hoſtile form to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſs'd.
O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſooth to peace intruding care.
But moſt exert thy pleaſing power
On friendſhip's conſecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wiſdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cauſe
Traceth the ſource of Albion's laws,

Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded ſmile.
But, if by fortune's ſtubborn ſway
From him and friendſhip torn away,
I court the Muſe's healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To ſuch indulgent placid themes,
As juſt the ſtruggling breaſt may cheer,
And juſt ſuſpend the ſtarting tear,
Yet leave that ſacred ſenſe of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

A BALLAD

A BALLAD.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

" TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
" And guide my lonely way,
" To where yon taper cheers the vale,
" With hoſpitable ray.

" For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
" With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
" Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
" Seem lengthening as I go."

" Forbear, my ſon," the hermit cries,
" To tempt the dangerous gloom;
" For yonder phantom only flies
" To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houſeleſs child of want,
" My door is open ſtill;
" And tho' my portion is but ſcant,
" I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
" Whate'er my cell beſtows;
" My ruſhy couch and frugal fare,
" My bleſſing and repoſe.

" No flocks that range the valley free,
" To ſlaughter I condemn:
" Taught by that power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's graſſy ſide,
" A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
" A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
" And water from the ſpring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
" For earth-born cares are wrong:
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell;
The grateful ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far ſhelter'd in the glade obſcure
The modeſt manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And ſtranger led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when worldly crowds retire
To revels or to reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt:
And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gayly preſt and ſmil'd;
And ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart.
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſt:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

"From better habitations ſpurn'd,
"Reluctant doſt thou rove:
"Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
"Are trifling and decay;
"And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling ſtill are they.

"And what is friendſhip but a name,
"A charm that lulls to ſleep;
"A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
"But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
"The modern fair one's jeſt:
"On earth unſeen, or only found
"To warm the turtle's neſt.

"For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
"And ſpurn the ſex;" he ſaid:

But while he ſpoke a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.
Surpriz'd! he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.
The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms:
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

And, "Ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
"A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd;
"Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
"Where heav'n and you reſide.

"But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
"Whom love has taught to ſtray;
"Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
"Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
"A wealthy lord was he;
"And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
"He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
"Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
"Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
"And felt, or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour the mercenary croud
"With richeſt proffers ſtrove:
"Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
"But never talk'd of love.

"In

" In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad,
" No wealth nor pow'r had he;
" Wiſdom and worth was all he had;
" But that was all to me.

" The bloſſom opening to the day,
" The dews of heav'n refin'd,
" Could nought of purity diſplay,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
" With charms inconſtant ſhine;
" Their charms were his, but woe to me,
" Their conſtancy was mine.

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And, while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain.

" 'Till, quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
" In ſecret, where he dy'd.

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life ſhall pay;
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
" And ſtretch me where he lay.

" And, there forlorn deſpairing hid
" I'll lay me down and die:
" 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
" And ſo for him will I."

" Forbid it heaven," the Hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:

The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide;
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.
" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
" My charmer, turn to ſee,
" Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
" Reſtor'd to love and thee.
" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care reſign:
" And ſhall we never, never part,
" My life——my all that's mine."
" No, never, from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love ſo true;
" The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

A

PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS.

Arbuſta humileſque myricæ. VIRG.

Written in 1743, BY MR. SHENSTONE.

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo chearful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam;
Should CORYDON's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to figh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I:
——I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what 'tis to have ſtrove
With torture of doubt and deſire:
What 'tis to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewell.

Since PHYLLIS vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that pleas'd me before;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languiſh in vain?
Why wander thus penſively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be ſo—
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd as I ſlowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To viſit ſome far-diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep,
My grottoes are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with ſheep:
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid or clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there:
Oh how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow?

And

And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As——ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard with her ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd when her CORYDON ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught in her abſence could pleaſe.

But where does my PHYLLIDA ſtray!
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICI-

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain,
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;
——But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance
Any favour with PHILLIS to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is be-ſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh may PHILLIS beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
" How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold:

How

How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die."
To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting his wreath to his lays,
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet,
" O PHYLLIS," he whiſpers, " more fair,
More ſweet than the jeſſamine's flower!
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine, after a ſhow'r?
Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with deſpite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
———Yet I never could envy the ſong,
Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.
Let his crook be with hyacinths crown'd,
So PHYLLIS the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a ſtranger to PARIDEL's tongue;
———Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do, but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my paſſion begun—
She ſmil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo complete could be fought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inſpire;
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs and I am undone:
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe.

Yet

Yet time may diminiſh the plain:
The flow'r, and the ſhrub, and the tree
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
Henceforth ſhall be CORYDON's theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
As I with my PHILLIS had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound thro' the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it begun;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

SONGS,

SONGS,

By Mr. SHENSTONE.

SONG I. The Landskip.

How pleas'd within my native bowers
Erewhile I paſs the day!
Was ever ſcene ſo deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers ſo gay?
How ſweetly ſmil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landſkip round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I ſpeed to meet my dear,
That hill and ſtream my zeal oppoſe,
And check my fond career.
No more, ſince Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I ſee:
That verdant hill, and ſilver ſtream,
Divide my love and me.

SONG

SONG II.

YE gentle nymphs and gen'rous dames,
That rule o'er every Britiſh mind;
Beſure ye ſoothe their am'rous flames,
Beſure your laws are not unkind.

For it is hard to wear their bloom
In unremitting ſighs away;
To mourn the night's oppreſſive gloom,
And faintly bleſs the riſing day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born ſwain,
A Britiſh youth ſhould vainly moan;
Who, ſcornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed ſpear, nor links of ſteel,
Could e'er thoſe gallant minds ſubdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleaſure feel,
And boaſt the fetters wrought by you.

SONG III.

Ah! ego non aliter triſtes evincere morbos
Optarem, quam te ſic quoque velle putem.

ON every tree, in every plain,
I trace the jovial ſpring in vain!

A ſickly

A ſickly languor veils mine eyes,
And faſt my waning vigour flies.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,
That ſmile on others, ſmile on me;
Mine eyes from death ſhall court repoſe,
Nor ſhed a tear before they cloſe.

What bliſs to me can ſeaſons bring?
Or, what the needleſs pride of ſpring?
The cypreſs bough, that ſuits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true my vine ſo freſh and fair,
Might claim a while my wonted care;
My rural ſtore ſome pleaſure yield;
So white a flock, ſo green a field!

My friends that each in kindneſs vie,
Might well expect one parting ſigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was DAMON unſincere?

But ere I aſk once more to view
Yon ſetting ſun his race renew,
Inform me, ſwains; my friends, declare,
Will pitying DELIA join the prayer?

INDEX.

POEMS BY *POPE*.

An Eſſay on Man, *in four Epiſtles* Page 9
Epiſtle II. - - - 20
Epiſtle III. - - 31
Epiſtle IV. - - - 43
The Univerſal Prayer - - 56
Eloiſa to Abelard - - 61
An Elegy, to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady - - - 73
Meſſiah, *a Sacred Eclogue* - 79
Ode on Solitude - - 83
An Eſſay on Criticiſm - - 89

CONGREVE.

The Tears of *Amaryllis* for *Amyntas* 115
To *Cynthia*, Weeping and not Speaking, *an Elegy* - - - 121
To a Candle, *an Elegy* - - 124

YOUNG.

The Laſt Day, *Book* I. - 127
Book II. - 138
Book III. - - 152

GRAY.

An Elegy, written in a Country Church-Yard 167
Hymn to Adverſity - - 172

POEM

POEM BY *BLAIR.*

The Grave - - - Page 177

PARNELL.

The Hermit - - 205
A Night Piece on Death - - 213

PHILIPS.

The Splendid Shilling, an Imitation of Milton 219

GOLDSMITH.

The Deſerted Village - - 227
The Traveller - - 243

AKENSIDE.

Ode to a Friend Unſucceſsful in Love 257
Ode on Affected Indifference - 260
Ode on Cheerfulneſs - - 261

SHENSTONE.

A Paſtoral Ballad - - 273
Songs - - - - 282

FINIS.